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THE OUTCAST.

BY J. WORTHINGTON WILSON.

If you knew the pain and anguish
That he suffers day by day,
You would not speak lightly of him,
Coldly from him turn away;
If you knew the inward struggles
That he has with sin and strife,
You would say, "God bless our brother,
Struggling toward a higher life."
If you knew the fierce temptations
That assail him every hour,
Weakening his best endeavors
By their sharp and subtle power—
If you knew how hard he struggled
With the tempter, ere he fell,
You would not despise the outcast—
Sink him lower into hell.
If you had the strength of passion
He contends with, in life's swell,
Do you think you would do better?
Would you, could you do as well?
If you cannot help your brother,
As he falls beneath his load,
Do not take your hand and thrust him
Further down destruction's road.
Bangor, Me., February 17.

LEONARD BACON'S SEMI-CENTENNIAL.—1825-1875.
BY REV. GEORGE LANSING TAYLOR.
[Concluded.]

But the two especially strong and grand passages of the sermon are those which, though without explicit statement of their points, refer to the materialistic philosophy, and the Christless theology which are threatening the present and the future of the Church. Respecting the first, and speaking of the changes in his own life, Mr. Bacon said:

"Yet, under the consciousness of change, there is a profound consciousness of identity. Our thoughts, in our old age, are not the same that they were fifty years ago; our feelings are not the same. We look on the world around us as through other eyes than those of our youth; we look forward with very different expectations and desires. But great as these changes in the operation of our minds, like the changes in our bodily powers and functions, the fact that we remember, and are at this moment bringing into one thought the present and the past, implies—may, is the direct consciousness—that we are, each one of us, the same. That which the word 'I' stands for—that which thinks and feels and wills—is permanent through all these changes. The earth on which I stood when I was a child is the same, the sun that shone upon me then is the same, the changeless north star is the same, but the identity of earth or sun or star, the identity even of a material atom in all its combinations and through all the ages, is not more absolute than mine or yours."

"Changes sweep around us, changes are ever going on within us, but the memory of one's self is the consciousness of an identical, permanent, indivisible personality. That personal identity of which we are conscious, running on through all changes, thirty, fifty, seventy years, and more—must it not continue through the last change, and beyond it? Emotion may be transient as the tear or the smile; but the soul that remembers is it permanent. Thought may follow thought like waves upon the shore, but that which thinks is imperishable. He who holds that there is thought without a thinker, and memory with no mind that remembers, and heroic purpose and struggle, but no personal will—or, more briefly, he who denies his own personal existence—may deny that he is to exist hereafter. But we who remember know that we exist; we know that through all the changes around us or within us, our indivisible existence is identical; and how can we admit that our consciousness of thought and will and memory is not immortal? May I not say that He who has brought life and immortality to light has made us conscious of our immortality?"

Not much fear in that, lest the recent successful transposition of brains between two living men, or any other such anatomical jugglery, should prove that because cerebration and cognition are in this life coincident, therefore they are identical and inseparable, and mind (as we call it) only a function of matter!

And not less refreshing is the heroic old veteran's outlook upon theology, to which I have alluded. He says:

"I was going to speak of books as another mode of the action of mind upon matter; for in that meth. d. God has taught me by my youth, and is still teaching me, but there is no time for what I would like to say on that

point. I have never been a great reader, my life being too busy for that. Little of my time has been spent in libraries, nor have I aspired to eminence in any department of scholarship. But you know there is one volume which, above all others, has been the study of my life-time, and the principles of which, as revealing God to men and reconciling men to God, it has been my life-work to unfold and apply. Other books have been useful to me chiefly as helps to the understanding and exposition of that Volume; and from the beginning I have sought—alas that I have not sought more earnestly—to make my acquisitions in whatever direction subservient to the great end of announcing, explaining, and promoting that kingdom of God among men which is the one comprehensive theme of the Bible. Not commentaries only and books of learned exegesis, not theology only in systems and controversies, but books in every department of knowledge have had for me their chief value in their relation to that one Volume which has been my text book, and which is above all others, and in distinction from all others, God's own Book. Philosophy, history, the physical sciences exploring all the realms of nature, the sciences of man, of government, and of that great complexity of rights and interests and duties by which men are connected with each other, and which constitute society and the state—every science that has to do with concrete realities—must, sooner or later, pay tribute to Christ and become subservient to His kingdom. In that confidence, I have studied my text-book, and have been ready to receive whatever light may fall upon its pages. I have never had any fear that, in the progress of knowledge, God may be eliminated from the universe, or Christ from history. The revelation of God reconciling the world to Himself, is what the Bible gives us, and what science can never take away. . . .

"That future, I am sure of it, and, though I know only in part, I know, better than I once knew, what it will be. It is impossible for one who remembers the last fifty years—the most eventful half century in the world's history, not to believe that Christ will reign over all nations; that the spirit of Christ will pervade all literature; that all philosophy will pay homage to His Gospel; that the progress of science and of all the arts subservient to human welfare will facilitate the progress of the Gospel till it shall have conquered the world, and that the wheels of time are revolving swiftly to bring the day when voices shall be heard on high praising God and saying, the kingdoms of this world have become the kingdoms of our Lord and of His Christ."

"Yes, I have seen the coming of the glory of the Lord. I bless God that I have lived in such a world as this, and have had my humble part of work to do, in such an age as this. Why should I not say, when the hour of my departure comes, 'Now lettest Thou thy servant depart in peace, for mine eyes have seen Thy salvation.'"

What lessons of humility, of singleness of aim, of clear-eyed faith those paragraphs teach. What a wholesome contrast between such faith in Christianity, and the croaking of too many whose ignorance of the real weakness of scientific as well as other skepticism magnifies the enemy they do not comprehend, and makes traitors out of fears. I have chosen to let Dr. Bacon speak for himself, and my article is already too long, but a word about the man will be expected. Since the early age of twenty-three, and following one of the most brilliant men of his times, he has held with a strong grip one of the most responsible positions in his denomination, both in its wealth and culture as a Church, its historic interest as the parent Church of the New Haven colony, and its relation to Yale University. He is the only pastor who has ever seen a semi-century in its service. That fact alone speaks volumes for the enduring ability and vigor of the man. During the last seven years he has held to the Church the relation of pastor emeritus, the eloquent Dr. Walker being mainly responsible for the pulpit. Yet Mr. Bacon, with all his duties as head of the Theological School of Yale, and his abundant literary labors, has still done a no small share of the pulpit and pastoral work of his Church, besides being the Coryphaeus of Congregationalism, as a polity, in this country. And he is still a man of wonderful vigor. His short, slight, but well-knit frame is still erect, his eye clear, and his step firm and brisk. His white hair, brushed back, and his snowy beard give him much of the aspect of Bryant. The whole expression of his face is still that of energy and resolution. Like Nestor, ruling the third generation of articulately speaking men in divine Pylas, he stands alone, not one of his early comrades left. And yet, when in the social greetings of the evening reception, I spoke of some of his telling pen-strokes in sundry recent controversies, his eye kindled, and he said, "I feel like Admiral Gregory, who, during the recent war, on account of his age was kept on shore in Brooklyn, looking after the Navy Yard, and on court martial duty, etc. We were talking of our age, when the old Admiral said, 'I long to be at sea, at the head of my fleet once more, for I feel that there are several good fights in me yet!'"

One last word. Of course such events as these pastoral semi-centennials can never fail to suggest their own contrast with the itinerant system of Methodism. This thought came to me on the spot—rather was brought to me by the genial bantering of Dr. Hubbell, the popular

and excellent pastor of the College Street Congregational Church, who laughingly suggested that here was "one thing we Methodists could not do," and was I not "willing to own that such a pastorate in one place had something in it desirable?" "Of course," was the reply, "we Methodists cannot pretend to a monopoly of all the great things. We have to be content to lose a few grand things in order to secure a great many good things." "Ah, I see, said my friend, and it's true we can't all do this thing. It is given to but few." "And further," said I, "when one of our veterans comes to his jubilee we bring him out 'before the regiment,' before hundreds of his comrades, old and young, in the annual Conference of his peers, and shout over him while he tells his story. Isn't there also something in that?" To this he also assented, and so we were even.

And more and more my Congregationalism and Methodism, and all the branches of Christ's body, thus see with approval each other's good things as well as their own, and so better understand and love each other.

I had thought to say a word about the only matter of regret in Dr. Bacon's sermon, his allusion to the "austere and (as I thought) unbiblical theory" of Dr. Hewitt, alluding to his espousing the temperance and total abstinence reform, of which he became so eloquent an advocate. The allusion was kind, though intended to re-assert Dr. Bacon's well-known opposition to teetotalism as a Bible doctrine. But this is the occasion on which to throw a stone. We young men may well imitate, if not Dr. Bacon's views in this matter, yet his courage in proclaiming his convictions, and the grand energy and devotion of his life.

New Haven, March 11, 1875.

"THE OLD, OLD STORY" IN MEXICO.

BY REV. JOHN W. BUTLER.

DEAR DOCTOR:—You will be glad to know that the "old, old story" is beginning to yield its fruits in Mexico. On a recent Sabbath morning there came into our English congregation a gentleman from Ireland, traveling in this country in behalf of some mercantile house in Belfast. From his youth he had been a devout Churchman, and, in the constant attendance upon the services of the sanctuary, had become quite accustomed to the psalmody of the Episcopal Church. To him many modern hymns, sung in our social meetings, were strange. On the Sunday morning in question the preacher announced, and the people sang,

"Tell me the old, old story
Of unseen things above,
Of Jesus and His glory,
Of Jesus and His love."

So in this and the succeeding verses he heard the Gospel, and felt its power; the sermon began. This new hymn took strange hold on his heart. In his countenance the preacher could read the emotions of his soul. In a few days we became acquainted with him. He seemed intensely interested in our Spanish services; he called at our house and sought information concerning our Mission. After a short stay, two evenings before leaving, he said to the superintendent, "I have the greatest interest in you and your work." This he made more apparent by handing, unasked, to the superintendent \$80 for publishing tracts, and \$50 for other mission purposes.

This kind friend we never saw or heard of before. He came an entire stranger into our midst, but "the old, old story," that Sunday morning, drew him towards us. He was here but three short weeks. Many of the acquaintances he here made may forget him, but the contribution he left will scatter hundreds and hundreds of pages, telling "the story;" and thus it will doubtless prove to be like good seed, which shall "spring up" and bear fruit—converted souls whom he may never see till he meets them in glory everlasting. And when he then joins his voice with the heavenly choir in the "new, new song" he will find,

"'Twill be the old, old story,
That he has loved so long."

Let me tell you how one of our native helpers recently told the "old, old story." He is a very humble brother, and was, formerly, a tailor; but when God sent into his soul a knowledge of the light and truth of a Protestant Christianity, he was bold enough to make known his glorious experience to others. This cost him his position; it took the bread and butter from the mouths of his family; it left him, for a time, almost, as he began to think, alone in a cold, unsympathizing world. In rage and poverty he found his way to the mission house. A few shillings were given him, and two hours brought himself, wife and child back to us again, looking neat and happy with their new garments, while their expressions of gratitude were overflowing.

Not long since a man far advanced

in life called in to see this brother. And, as was the brother's custom, he began to converse with the old man concerning the Bible, a book of which the latter knew nothing whatever. Presently the brother took his Bible and read aloud the Ten Commandments. The visitor paid strict attention and seemed greatly impressed with those sacred words; and at the close he eagerly said, "I have broken every one of those commandments, what hope is there for me? What shall I do?" "Do," replied the brother, "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved." These words seemed just what the man needed. For more than half a century he had been going to church, but had never heard such a sermon, such instruction, such simple conditions of salvation, in all his life.

The words were fitly spoken. His serious countenance showed the deep feelings of his heart. He was troubled; his soul seemed struggling to appropriate that truth. After a little pause he remarked that he did not feel very well, and would sit on the door step for the sake of the fresh air. When our friend saw how greatly his words had affected his visitor, he thought best to leave him to his own reflections for a while. But as he remained silent sometime, the brother moved towards him with the intention of renewing the conversation—but his disciple was dead! A paralytic shock had carried him, without a moment's warning, into the other world. How strange he should come to spend the last half hour of his life with the man of God! Does it not appear that He who knew the moment of his death, led him where he might hear the "old, old story" that saved the Philippian jailer, over eighteen hundred years ago, and which could also save him? And who can say he did not believe?

Yes, Mr. Editor, this same "story" is yet to be told to the millions of this land. It is a terrible thought that a church professing to be God's "infallible" instrument for the salvation of the world, should allow this man to come to white locks without ever so much as putting before him these great rules of life, the Ten Commandments, or telling him the simple and only condition of salvation for poor sinners; and even venturing to assure him that the following of "man's devices" placed him in a condition of safety. Yet he does not stand alone. The great masses of Mexico thus are led. This country was conquered by the sword in the name of a Church which teaches nothing better. But a greater sword—the sword of the Spirit—will yet subdue these people who

"... have never heard
The message of salvation
From God's own holy Word,"
and "the old, old story" they will begin singing in Mexico will end only in eternity.

Mexico City, March 23, 1875.

THE CONFERENCE SEMINARY.

BY REV. L. D. BARROWS, D. D.

[Concluded.]

Great and incalculable as is the good now done by "Our Conference Seminary," it is capable of, and would accomplish vastly more.

1. If it were more generally and thoroughly known, among the pastors, parents and the young people, what superior advantages are here found over all other schools. The wide difference is not considered, not often pointed out, seldom known. With the impractical and unobserving, a school is a school; and all are mostly alike, except in matters of a few cents' expense per week, which is quickly seen and *fatally* felt. But some great and life-long element of character, good or bad, gained or lost, is among the last things thought of, until the harvest day arrives—irreparable and changeless harvest! What a field of usefulness and solemn responsibility is here presented to all educated and reading persons in our Church and Sunday-school, to search out and inform the suitable persons whose attention should be turned at once to "Our Seminary!" What proportion of our present ministers, their wives, our teachers and our missionaries were thus sought out, and led to the seminary, long before they had matured their plans of life. What results have followed, and what results would have followed, had that gentle Christian agency been omitted!

2. Vastly greater good would be done by "Our Seminary," if pastors, parents and teachers were more thoughtful of each kind of studies suitable for each pupil, just the health possessed or required, and future prospects of each respective scholar. Whenever a young person desires to enter a school, or when it is desired to have one enter, first of all, these questions should be settled—appropriate studies, health and future prospects. If not, lost years of study, lost health and perverted appropriate life-work often follow. A straw may turn the direction of the mighty river at its source, the gentle spring on the mountain-side. So with

your son or daughter. The Seminary exists to meet just this emergency; and it is at your door, by the toll and sacrifice of others.

3. More, and critical attention to social culture and refinement of manners in the Seminary would augment its good work. Frequent and familiar lectures, public and private criticisms systematically and persistently followed, though occupying but a few moments daily, work pleasing revolutions in the general appearance of pupils, and lay the foundation of true politeness with many, who till then have had no opportunity for such culture.

Never, before nor after, will young persons so easily and effectually learn lessons of courtesy, as when first entering a first-class school; and no school should be regarded *first* class which does not make this one special object of school discipline. Some of our seminaries and colleges are shockingly deficient at this point, as is shown in the specimens of their work.

The sickening examples of selfish, egotistic and bombastic graduates, male and female, often found abroad, show how little their teachers have done for them in that finest of all the fine arts, true politeness. Thus their popularity and usefulness are forever abridged, as they rasp their way through society. It often occurs that many of the Seminary pupils are of strong and active minds, but not much polished. How and it is to leave these jewels forever in the rough!

4. The Seminary presents a much wider field than has ever been cultivated, for religious teaching and influence. Much, very much is now done successfully in that direction. But the powerful facilities are not yet all used.

No circumstances ever combine so favorably for young people to embrace religion, as when they are just leaving home, and entering new associations of pious young people of their own age and habits. Large numbers of these become pious almost as soon as they enter the Seminary. There the warm and lively meetings of those young Christians, with their teachers whom they so much respect and love, all help greatly. Early good religious habits and modes are now easily fixed; and first-class Christian character is rapidly and permanently created—much more so than under the ordinary pastorate.

If so little time and effort as are now spent religiously in the Seminary result in so much good, is it not reasonable that greater results would follow more labor? Should not religion, its doctrines and duties as set forth in holy Scripture, come fully and freely before all the pupils, though every day is spent mostly in secular study? Why not? No reasons against it, but many for it. The whole being is unbalanced without it, and God, with the soul's immortal interests, is made secondary. Great peril and disaster come of this. The managers of our schools have a responsibility here which they cannot share with others. Some of the largest and most efficient schools of our country are those where the Bible and practical religion are recognized in daily exercises.

5. The Seminary has it in its power to do far more than at present, in aid of the ministry. It needs no argument to show that a life-work, artistic or professional, becomes more natural and efficient by the earliest adjustment to it. Music, teaching, preaching or writing—the later in life these are taken up, the more awkwardly.

In "Our Seminary" are our future ministers. Some will study on for years in college and the theological seminary, and some will go, as they always have done, directly from the Seminary to the pastorate. All of these should have the earliest possible and careful instruction in Scripture doctrines, their nature and Scripture proofs; Christian morality, or the application of religious doctrine to practical life; the correct methods of Scripture exposition; the method of constructing and studying sermons; the manner and style of delivering them; and many other things kindred to these, involving but a few moments of time daily. To such as never pursue a regular course of study this is an absolute necessity, and an invaluable, life-long help.

And to those who go on with preparatory studies for years, it is hardly less useful and useful. Without this early and continued clerical training in the Seminary, they will find less time in college, where strife and rivalry swallow up all their energies. Then, too, they will have commenced preaching without these rudiments and criticisms, carelessly or poorly taught in Scripture and exegesis, with bad habits in style of writing and delivery never to be removed, and always hanging like a millstone on their ministerial popularity and usefulness. All this is often painfully apparent in those raw, ministerial recruits to whom we listen, coming fresh from college.

For these, and many other weighty considerations, let there always be in "Our Conference Seminary," while the

min's and habits are plastic and easily changed, this primary and theological class, as it was with a Fisk and Baker, whose works do follow them.

CALAMITY-JOHN, A TRIP SOUTH IN 1862.

[Continued.]

BY REV. MARK TRAFTON, D. D.

The next day was one of the wildest excitement. McClellan's troops were coming by thousands, landing at the wharves, and marching off for Newport News, horse, foot and artillery. All the pomp of war was gone—simply a mass of muddy, blackened men, guns, ambulances, horses and mules, ammunition, pell-mell, it would seem to a looker on, a scene of the wildest confusion, without order or object; and yet each man was connected, by some bond, to the main body as on they swept, poor fellows, so many of them to "return no more."

Calling again on Gen. Wool, I found him in a state of great excitement. He had learned that the iron-clad Merrimac was coming out from Norfolk again; he looked for her every hour, and consequently had ordered the dispatch boat, which should have sailed to-day, to remain, as she might be wanted to carry dispatches to Washington. "I am ordered," said the General, "at all hazards, should the Merrimac again come out, to prevent her from passing the fort and getting to sea; as, in that event, she would run round into York river, and destroy McClellan's army."

"Is there a probability that she could pass, should she attempt it?" I asked. "I think," replied the old hero, "we should give her a peppering if she comes; we have some twenty gun-boats, of all kinds, in the harbor below, and then we have two 500-pounders in a round battery on the beach, besides the guns of the fort."

I had visited that battery, and seen the famous guns, "Lincoln" and "Union;" but I think, for all that, the Merrimac would have slid along by and through all this formidable array as a duck passes through a summer shower, unless the Monitor should have stopped her. And there she lay, a black streak upon the water, with a tall, circular iron turret alone visible. Not a man was seen about her, and yet there were sharp eyes seeing all that passed around her. Directly in front of the fortress, lay two steam frigates, English and French, while the harbor was filled with vessels of all descriptions, bringing men and material for war.

THE MERRIMAC COMING OUT.

The morning after my last visit to the fort, I was sitting at the breakfast table, making a desperate effort to get something to eat, and listening to the speculations of some army officers near me on the probability of the appearance of the dreaded iron-clad, when a tremendous explosion shook the house.

"There she comes!" burst from scores of lips.

Knives and forks were dropped. I rushed out into the street to find myself in a perfect babel of confusion. The gun we heard was the alarm from the fort. I could hear the long roll being beaten in the fort; soldiers were hurrying along the parapet to man the guns; a company was marching down to the shore battery to load the monster guns. Every vessel in the harbor was making the most desperate efforts to get below into the "roads," out of the reach of shot and shell. A feeling between homesickness and ghost-seeing came over me, and I began to think of my own salvation somewhat. Where shall I go? Into the fort, was my first thought. I started at double-quick for the point of safety—too late. I found the draw-bridge up, and the gate, which was closed—a fine position for a non-combatant. But in a few moments my fears subsided, and a wonderful calm settled upon me; and curiosity, and a sort of a desire to—well, not to kill any one, but to fight, took possession of me. I now went back to the shore, and looked across the water, towards Norfolk, to get a sight of the foe. On the first alarm the two frigates, lying in the stream, had slipped their cables, and were steaming up towards Norfolk, and finally anchored opposite Newport News, some four miles away, where they waited the coming of their rebel friend.

I turned my attention to a pile of lumber, some ten feet in height, which a dozen of us mounted, for a more extended view; but an officer came rushing along and shouted, "down from that pile! you are right in range of the guns of the fort!" Of course, not wishing to stop any shot which might do more good beyond us, we not unreluctantly obeyed the order. "There she is!" was now heard from many voices. Looking now by Sewall's Point, distant from the fortress about six miles, we could see a long line of black smoke issuing from a huge something, slowly moving up the channel. More and more distinct she

became as she came out by the Point; and now we could see that she was not alone, but was followed by five steamers. But who is this hurrying down to the beach, with his head banded and one eye covered? It is the brave commander of the Monitor, who was wounded in his fight with the Merrimac, and has been in the hospital since; but the alarm gun roused him; he will not be restrained, but hurries on board his craft, to meet again his old antagonist. There is the magnificent Vanderbilt, with her iron beak; she arrived the night before, and now, with steam up, she awaits the coming foe. Two of our gun boats were stuck fast in the mud; they won't be able to fight much, but they will show the enemy where the channel is not.

The Naugatuck, Stevens' famous boat, with her 200-pounder Parrot gun, arrived also the night before, and has hauled up around a point, out of our sight, but near the Monitor, which she doubtless intends to support.

The Merrimac, in the meantime, had run up close to the English frigate, and hauled up. The frigate Jamestown, which followed her, kept on across to Newport News, where, in plain sight of us who were standing on the dispatch boat Haze, lay at anchor a brig and two schooners, with army supplies, which had run up there the night before; these the rebel took in tow and steamed back to her consort, without the slightest effort for their defense or rescue! The captain of the Haze actually shed tears, and stamped the deck with indignant wrath. Not a gun was fired, not a ship started. The truth was, they were in terrible fear of that iron monster. But see! she starts again, and is moving towards the fort. After a few moments' steaming she ports her helm, bringing her broadside to view, and stops. She looks like the roof of a vast church that has been carried away by a freshet, and is floating on the water.

She is now about four miles distant. Some hours have passed since she came in sight. "Why does she not run down and open fire?" asks every one. Perhaps she cherishes a becoming respect for that submarine power yonder, which, though she could not see, she nevertheless felt. We heard a tremendous explosion near by, and turning our eyes in the direction of the sound, we saw a shell flying towards the iron-clad foe, leaving a thin line of smoke behind it, and falling short of the mark about half the distance. It was a shot from the Naugatuck's 200-pounder Parrot. A puff of smoke is now seen to start from the side of the Merrimac, and a huge shell comes hissing, in reply, but drops into the water at least a mile distant. Another roar from behind the Point, on our right, and away goes another of the Parrot "rotten shot," as the negroes called these shells; it struck the water apparently not twenty feet from the stern of the French frigate. Another puff of smoke from the port of the Merrimac, and the shell drops into the water in about the same place as the first. She evidently has no guns of very long range; her power is in close quarters.

It was by this time becoming a mere farce. Our fears had subsided; she does not intend to come down for a battle. There goes the Naugatuck again, and this time with a much greater elevation. Away speeds the fearful messenger, clean over the ridge-pole of the old church roof, as we now called her, exploding beyond. Officers, watching the play from the parapet of the fort, said its range was all of five miles. And now a third puff of smoke from the iron-clad, but we saw no shell, or shot, and instantly she is in motion, and soon disappears behind Sewall's Point, and the naval duel and the scare are over. It was said that the last gun fired by the Merrimac, burst, killing and wounding a large number of men, and this accounts for her sudden retreat.

Sabbath afternoon, the little propeller Haze is ordered to start for Hatteras Inlet. We hurry on board, after four days' detention at Fortress Monroe, but for which we were fully recompensed by the experience above narrated.

[To be continued.]

GEMS.

He who wishes to have a part in the heavenly paradise, must first consent to form part of God's earthly farm, and suffer himself to be ploughed and sowed and reaped.—Hedinger.

What an honor to assist the Almighty! God's part in the work, however, is the chief thing. If He leaves the field—the human heart—waste, it lies eternally waste.—Heubner.

Christianity is Christ; understand Him, breathe His spirit, comprehend His mind. Christianity is a life, a spirit.—F. W. Robertson.

It is a comfort that nothing but fidelity is required of stewards; not talents, nor inventive powers, nor manifold activity, nor success.—W. F. Besset.

MISCELLANEOUS.

THE HOLY GHOST FIRE.

[Extracts from the last part of an address delivered before the "Portland District Ministerial Association," published by request.]

BY REV. C. B. FITZBLADO.

The fifth analogy we institute between the Holy Ghost and fire, is that as material fire turns everything into its own nature, Holy Ghost fire transmutes every soul it touches into its own nature. Fling a block of marble into the flame, and it becomes fire; drop a cold, leaden sword into a blazing furnace, and you have a sword of fire. Take the analogy: When man accepts this fire baptism, it turns his soul into its moral quality; then the heart is on fire, and the intellect on fire, and the will on fire, and the imagination on fire; the whole soul burns with life and love and power and zeal. The man becomes aflame with godly energy, ablaze with enthusiasm for saving souls. Fireless men may think him a fanatic, but he can say, with Paul, "I am not mad," and add for himself, "only warm with the fire presence of God."

Pulpits need men of fire hearts, and fire lives, and fire words. Sheridan spoke for many when he said, "I like to hear Rowland Hill, because his ideas come red-hot from his heart." Red-hot preaching is the only kind that can stir souls, kindle indifference into holy enthusiasm, and wake dead bones into living armies, buckled and plumed by God. Red-hot preaching can do spiritually what the geometrician of Syracuse did physically. Archimedes turned the rays of the sun into condensed fire by his magic glass, and burned up the ships of Rome. Holy Ghost fire preaching can condense the Gospel rays into hallowed fire, hot enough to burn up the ships of hell that harbor in the soul.

VI. As material fire keeps the natural world from being frozen to death, so Holy Ghost fire prevents the moral world from being chilled to death by infidelity. During day the sun baptizes the earth with fire, and fills the air with moisture, which prevents the earth-heat from passing away in the night and leaving the world cold, frozen, dead. In many ways sun fire keeps the world warm. It was sun heat that blazed in the past fires and in the log fires of our forefathers. It is sun fire that burns in the stoves and flames in the gasaliers of to-day. There is fire enough in the sun and in the coal-beds and in the forests to keep the world warm. Mark the analogy: Holy Ghost fire prevents the spiritual world from dying of cold. How often have the generations shivered in the frosty air of practical and intellectual infidelity! How often, too, has the baptism of fire warmed the freezing masses into health and life! God's answer to infidelity has always been by fire. Did the eighteenth century shiver amid the ice of infidelity? Did the moral influence of Voltaire and Rousseau, Hume, Gibbon and Paine affect and infect a crowd of so-called scientists, literati and free thinkers? Was the century very sick with a bad cold? Did it shiver in the Arctic breezes of skepticism? Was its heart torpid, and the very quick of its soul benumbed? Well, just remember how God baptized that freezing age with fire, and sent sweeping across it a succession of celestial simoons. The "Great Awakening" was God's answer to Voltairism. While the infidels were freezing, God's firemen were kindling the century into a blaze. You can think of many of these fire-men, such as Edwards, Zinzendorf, Wesley, Toplady, Whitefield, Harvey, Fletcher, Brainerd and others. These men carried fire to thaw the icicles of infidelity. While Satan sent an icy avalanche of skepticism, infidelity, materialism, Heaven sent a living Etna of revival fire. Are there to-day some skeptics and scoffers freezing in the Arctic winds of unbelief, such as Spencer, Holyoke, Huxley, Jackson Davis, Denton, Abbott of the Toledo Index, Frothingham and some others? Well, what of it? God has His servants of the fire-baptism, sweeping up and down the years. There they are: Finney, Spurgeon, Earle, Hammond, Inskip, Talmage, Moody, Miss Smiley, Mrs. Van Cott, and myriads upon myriads more. They leave the fire-track wherever they go.

Second: Some characteristics of those of the fire-baptism. 1. They employ very little of their time in answering the quibbles of skeptics. With them controversy, under any circumstances, is only an incidental and negative work. They are voices from the Eternal, sounding out His mercy-cries, moaning out His woes. Just before his death Dr. Lyman Beecher was asked, "how can we best defend the Church?" He answered, "not by theology, not by controversy, but by saving souls." The fire-men believe that, and so the great purpose of their lives is to save souls, and stimulate the Church to a purer, sublimer style of life and love and work. They fear procreantism and indifference more than materialism or spiritualism. They make great havoc with droning formalism and Church fossils. They realize that to stir and lift a Church is a greater thing than to build a pyramid like that of Cheops, or quell a host of cyclones on the sea. They know that to save a soul is to do a grander work than to arrest a pestilence, or to wake a dead hero from his dusty bed by the lone mountain tarn. They may write treatises or speak lectures on skepticism, or on literary and scientific and social and commercial subjects; but their master purpose is to save souls. Their sublimer heart design is to help God fill heaven. Your mere savants, philanthropists or patriots are very tyros, compared with these

men, in elevating humanity. Without them the world would shudder back into barbaric dreariness and polar night. The tendency of man by nature, is not to become a Paul or a Peter, but to become a ragged ruffian, or a naked savage.

Again. To these men Jesus Christ is the centre, even of the material universe. Of course they believe in true science when they can find out what is true science. They recognize it as the handmaid to the Gospel, and sometimes use its facts to illustrate the power, the love, the goodness of the God of Calvary. If you call science a farmer, they will remind you that Jesus poured out the dew and the sun that warmed the germ into golden grain. If you call science a botanist, they will remind you that the Hand which the Jews nailed to the Cross pencilled the garden beauties, and wrote a scripture on the water-lily leaf. You speak of science as a conchologist. Well, who formed the sea-shell, and tinged it with crimson fire? Jesus. You speak of science as a geologist. Well, who built the rocks of tiny sea-weed and pond-flowers and microscopic animalcules? Who built the coal seams of ferns and forests, and the chalk-beds of the wee animals that lived and died long, long ago? Who? Jesus of the Cross. You glory in the science of astronomy, but who hung the sun-clusters of the skies upon the branches of gravitation? The Christ of Calvary. These men see Jesus back of all material forms and splendor and action. While the mere philosopher may dissect the rainbow, they behold Jesus weaving its concentric bands, and hanging it around the skirts of the retiring shower. While the meteorologist may, perhaps, tell the track of the tempest-hounds, whose wild growl makes the sailor-boy tremble, these men behold their Jesus letting the tempest-hounds loose, and then hushing their bay, and muzzling them, and bidding them sleep in their unknown kennel. While the poet may poetize the antelope, the wax-wing and the daffodil, these men see Jesus pouring more than poetry into beast and bird and flower. While the painter may try to sketch on canvases the pictures of the gloaming glories, these men behold their Jesus hanging them up—hanging the dappled pictures about the western gables, spreading pictures of witchery along the western sea. Jesus to them is more than painter, or scientist, or poet, or architect.

[To be continued.]

"READING OUT."

BY REV. S. NORRIS.

A few old itinerants who yet remain in New England can well appreciate the experience of that heroic band, who have a pretty clear comprehension of the significance of being read out to their distant field of labor forty years ago. By reading Brother Trafton's late article in the HERALD on that subject, the writer is reminded of a still earlier case of notable experience among the itinerants.

A young man of my acquaintance, of the New England Conference at the session at Lynn, June 2, 1819, was read out "Stanstead and St. Francis," a distance of some two hundred miles to be traveled on horseback. He had been inquired of before the Conference session if he had any requests to make respecting his appointment, to which he replied, "send me anywhere this side of perdition, where there are souls to be saved."

His appointment having been announced, he felt thankful that he was counted worthy to labor anywhere in the Lord's vineyard, and immediately prepared to mount his horse with the inevitable saddle bags for his Canada appointment. But on inquiring of some of the preachers who had traversed that field of labor, he received no flattering assurances of much else but plenty of hard work, hard fare, long rides through mud and slough, with perpetual annoyance from Canada flies and fleas; but that the people were kind, and loved the preachers.

On arriving in Stanstead, after a tedious journey, in the heat of summer, he soon obtained the plan of his Circuit. It was found to comprise a portion of ten townships, five in Canada, each ten miles square, and five just over the line on the northern border of Vermont. The Provincial townships were, Stanstead, Barnston, Hatley, Potton and Bolton; those in Vermont were Derby, Holland, Morgan, Navy and Newport. Lake Memphremagog, forty miles long by about three miles wide, passed through about the middle of the Circuit, from north to south, extending some dozen or fifteen miles beyond the lines of the Charge at each end, so that, in passing either way, from one side to the other, it involved a ride by land of over twenty miles, but by water only three to four. The preacher could easily get himself conveyed across by a skiff, but the trouble was in finding a passage for the horse, as there was no regular ferryboat for teams. Sometimes an old scow was obtained for carrying his horse, and by manning one of the oars himself and paying fifty cents, he obtained a passage for man and beast.

And all previous accounts respecting Canada fleas, flies and mud, had been no exaggeration, especially about the mud. In many places it was so deep and stiff that the horse was obliged to go with a spasmodic spring, or not at all. And then at the bottom, treacherous roots would sometimes catch the animal's foot and bring him to a sudden stop. In this way the rider is quite likely to be thrown off, and at two different times during the year the preacher was actually pitched over the

horse's head into the mud upon his back. Another annoyance was the indefinite number of clumsy bars and gates to be opened and closed on the way. On one occasion, after a long tedious ride, on arriving at the hospitable home of old Brother Simon Cass, he ventured to allude to the very bad state of the roads, and rather reflected upon the Canada people for their want of energy in the care of their public highways. This imputation brought out a reply from the old patriarch:—"My young brother, I am afraid you don't appreciate our privileges. This part of the country has been greatly improved in later years. Our first preachers had rather hard times. Sometimes they would get lost in the woods, and lay out all night, sleeping on the ground. There was Brother Fairbanks, who lost his way, with night coming on, and he tied his horse to a tree, and took to the ground, with his saddle bags for his pillow, for a night's lodging. I do wish our young preachers would realize their privileges." The young man concluded to be convinced and say no more, but try to be thankful for his superior privileges. He thought of the common saying among our people, namely, that "Canada was the Methodist College," in which to prepare for the itinerancy—that, as the lamented Fisk used to say, if the candidates did not crack in this seasoning process they were deemed reliable for the itinerancy any where.

Well, that young man preached from three to seven times per week, had no specific salary, asked for no vacation, stood it through the year, and did not crack in seasoning, did not burst up nor break down in his Canada campaign, but saw some souls converted, and mingled his tears of sorrow at parting with his little flock, expecting to meet them no more on earth.

Through the mercy of the "Lord of the harvest," that young preacher is yet living, at the age of 74, and I can speak with the greater assurance of the nature of his Canada campaign, because I am he.

Brooklyn, March 15, 1875.

ST. JOHNSBURY, VT.

This place, of 4,300 inhabitants, has witnessed, and is witnessing a most wonderful revival of religion, dating its beginning the early part of December. A few brethren from each of the five evangelical Churches, feeling the importance of more union among the people of God, met weekly and prayed for this, and the revival of God's people.

The Week of Prayer was observed as usual by the Churches, and revival union meetings were held till Feb. 1st, when the committee from the Y. M. C. A. reached here, in their canvass of the State, and with them R. K. Remington of Fall River and H. M. Moore of Boston. Union meetings were held, under their direction, through two days and evenings, with increasing interest. Over 100 asked prayers, and everybody exclaimed, "what a wonderful revival!" These meetings were continued twice each week with the manifest approval of God's Spirit, for three weeks, when Brothers Remington and Moore were invited to return, bringing with them Brothers Winslow and Bridge-man, of the Massachusetts Y. M. C. A. Meetings were held by them through three days and four evenings—the interest wonderful to behold! Aged Christians were thrilled, and many of the unconverted cried to God for mercy, 200 or more asking prayers for themselves in these three days. The whole place was thrilled with religious interest; it was the theme of conversation on the streets, in the shops, hotels, and stores; everybody talked of it, some to scoff, some with a forced indifference, but many with a real personal interest.

The meetings continued, and the interest deepened and broadened. One stratum after another of society was reached, till individuals of all classes, from the very lowest (for the "wickedest man" in town, an inmate of the county jail here, was converted) to the highest, were the subjects of converting grace. The new converts were home-laborers, and not only worked at home, but at once began to hold meetings in the neighboring villages and towns; and the work spread, radiating from this place in all directions, resulting in the conversion of scores and scores at St. Johnsbury Centre, East Village, West Concord, Passumpsic, Danville, North Danville, Barton, Burke and Newbury.

On the 27th ult., Brothers Remington, Moore and E. O. Winslow returned to us again, bringing that prince of singers and Christian workers, Bro. C. J. Littlefield, of Boston, and meetings were held through two days and three evenings under their direction. If the interest was great before it was greater now. All the people in the town and vicinity were in earnest to be present; and as no place was large enough to hold the vast crowds the meetings had to be held for classes. One was held specially for the non-attendants at church; another for workmen in the large machine shop of E. & T. Fairbank's scale works, where many a desired to find Christ. The meetings on two evenings had to be held in two of the largest churches of the place, which were filled to their utmost capacity. Nearly half of all the population were at meeting, the last evening of the stay of these brethren. Nearly 200 asked prayers. It was a sight to rejoice angels, to see the gray-haired man, men and women in middle life, strong young men and women, and the youth bowing together before God's mercy seat.

No undue excitement has marked this work; it has been earnest soul-seeking after God, rewarded in hundreds of cases—how many hundreds the Judgment Day alone will reveal. From six to eight hundred conversions, we may well suppose, is already the immediate and more remote result of the revival here.

A marked feature of the work is that there has been no undue exaltation of men or means. All seemed to think that Christ alone must be exalted. No Church, no pastor, no brother or sister, has been made prominent, for the brethren from abroad were not seemingly the leaders more than any one else. It seemed to be generally understood that they were saying what all the rest wanted to say. Their methods of presenting truth were very simple. They told the story of the Cross, with no magic, no artistic eloquence or oratory; they presented God's Word with illustration and earnest utterance; they talked plainly to the people. They went away from here bearing the earnest, "God bless you," of every Christian heart.

An exceedingly pleasant feature of the work is that the word "denomination" has not been mentioned. The question never is asked, "To what Church do you belong?" The impression made on a stranger would be that there is but one Church here, and that more united than many are. As a result of this union all the Churches may expect to be proportionately rewarded for their labors. To God be all the glory for the great revival at St. Johnsbury. March 31.

AN OPEN LETTER.

To the Pastor of the ———, Providence Conference, my predecessor:—

MY DEAR BROTHER:—Let me remind you that Conference is close at hand, and that whatever you do, as the pastor, to prepare the way for me, your successor, must be done quickly. I know that you are my friend, and so I take the liberty to express to you freely a few thoughts I have had, of late, concerning my new field of labor. And allow me to say,

1. I hope you will not forget to impress the people that I, and my family as well, are coming to them as strangers, and that they will help us very much if they will only bear that in mind, and greet us, on our first appearance, accordingly—with open hand and heart. You know, dear brother, as well as I, the importance of a cordial greeting at such a time, especially as our hearts are then tender, and almost bleeding from the tender partings just had. I think a word from you on this point, and you know how to say it, will set it all right.

2. But I am thinking chiefly about that Pocket Register. Now, I hope nothing will prevent your having it all made up, and in your pocket, ready for me at the Conference. I am not particular, however, about receiving it until near the close; but I do want it then. And if you have not commenced making it up, will you allow me a suggestion or two concerning it? I should think a good, leather-bound, blank book, in dimensions, say about 7 inches long by 3 wide, and having from 50 to 100 pages, would be about the thing. Don't have it too wide for the inside pocket of my inside coat, or so thick and heavy as to be a burden to carry about. I think the above dimensions will be about right. And, I don't care for the history of the Church to be written in it, or even for all the absent and dead members' names; but don't forget the names of the officers of the Church, in their respective boards; and give each board room on the page—say a whole page. Give me the names of the whole congregation who are to be visited—not merely the Church members, and in the order of the streets or lanes in which they reside, and in some way designate their Church relation and state in life. By so doing you will save me from some terrible blunders which I have sometimes heretofore made. You can help me in this matter as no other person possibly can do. And don't forget to designate such as are invalid, or are sick at Conference time, and will require an early call. But, lest I should seem to be impertinent by my many suggestions, I will close, by simply saying, Write up your book in ink, and have it with you at Conference.

P. S. Please say to the people that I will be with them the first Sunday after Conference. And, of course, you will have the parsonage vacated for us early.

F. R. DISTRICT.

CHATS WITH A VETERAN ITINERANT.

BY REV. A. C. ROSE.

SEVENTH DAY BAPTISTS.

On one of Mr. W.'s Circuits was a stronghold of Seventh-day Baptists, and on one part of the Circuit they were dominant, so that some of the Methodists took them into full fellowship, and avowed their faith in the orthodoxy of that sect. One of the official board had decided in favor of leaving the matter unquestioned in that portion of the Circuit, but left Brother W. free to discuss it in other parts. Accordingly he announced that he would preach at a given time, on the change of the seventh to the first day of the week as the Christian Sabbath.

This caused a decided commotion among the Baptists. They accordingly sent for a champion of their faith to withstand and confute him. He came on two Sabbaths before the appointed time, and gave out beforehand that he should be there, and confidently boasted to Brother W. that he never had failed to confound every one with whom he had discussed the question. Brother

W. as confidently assured him that his road must turn a short corner with him.

At the appointed time Brother Westcott was on hand to preach as announced, and the champion on hand also in a conspicuous seat in front of him. Brother W. began by saying that the subject was one of such import that he could occupy several hours; and if he should become tedious they must indicate it by proper methods, and he would close at any time. But for two hours and a half he opened their understanding to this subject, without a single indication of weariness on their part, and frequently appealing to the champion before him, for the correctness of his position. At the close the champion announced that he would reply at a future time. Brother W. said to him that he desired to be present when he did, which he could do any time, except once in two weeks, Sabbath forenoon; but the champion fixed the time for that very hour, seemingly for the purpose of denying Bro. W. the opportunity of hearing him, for he had assured him that if he made any false statements he should correct him on the spot.

Brother W. mounted his horse in haste, and went to recall his appointment. About an hour before service the gentleman was asked as to his health. "Never better," he answered. About half an hour afterward he was told that Bro. W. would be present. When the hour of service arrived the champion was so unwell that he could not be present, and the service was postponed two weeks. In the interim he recovered to comfortable health again; but when the time arrived for him to reply to Brother W., learning that he was to be present, he was sick again, and he finally left without making the reply.

This opened the way for Brother W. to preach on the subject in the stronghold of the Jewish Christians. One of his class-leaders asked him to forbear, saying, "I am a Methodist in all but that; in that respect I think they are right, and we should let them alone, especially as we are all in peace and harmony now." But Brother W. delivered his message faithfully, and in a masterly manner, for two hours and a half. At the conclusion this same leader said to him, "O, what a flood of light you have thrown on that question. I am converted." The result of it was the conversion of several of the Baptists, and their union with the Methodist Church in that place.

Mr. W. has published a book on the change of the seventh to the first day of the week for the Sabbath. I believe it may be had of the author at Stillwater, N. Y. It answers this great question completely. Its title is, "Sabbath Manual."

TRANSFERS.

BY REV. I. B. BIGELOW.

Thinking that something should be said on this subject, perhaps a reference to it may be timely at the present season. The transferring from one Conference to another to meet the demands of the work, is a glorious feature of Methodism; but when men are transferred for other causes, and in excess of the demands, it becomes an evil. For years there has been an ample supply of preachers in the New England Conference, and, as the appointing power must give every effective man a place, some of their fields have been exceedingly limited, and their support small. This state of things not only abridges ministerial usefulness, but the tendency is to force our ministers into premature retirement from the work.

Another evil to be deprecated is the increasing of our list of supernumerated men, beyond our means of support. We have not a word to say against our transferred men, for some of our best men have come to us from other Conferences in early manhood, and have given us their best abilities. Others have spent their best days in other Conferences, and come among us in their declining years, hoping to occupy a class of appointments that they had outlined in their own Conference. This class are soon disappointed, and the appointing power embarrassed. It is wrong to transfer men to disappoint their hopes, and it is a greater evil to crowd out of place better men that have never faltered in their work. If we have an excess of men, and there are to be more applications for admission than we have places, who is responsible in the matter, and where is the remedy?

We know that the people are sometimes clamorous for men of whom they know but little, when they can obtain better men in their own Conference. "Distance lends enchantment to the view." This fondness for the new might be gratified by a more frequent removal from one District to another. It has been thought by some that the Presiding Elders were more responsible for this excess than the people, or the other preachers. The supposition is that when the Presiding Elders bring forward men, in any form, to be admitted into Conference, that they have work for them. As their wisdom is not questioned there is but little said.

We think that a measure of the responsibility in the matter is with the Conference. It is the business of the Conference to know when any man is proposed to join Conference, if he is needed to supply the work; if he is not, he should not be received. If the Conference cannot have any voice in the transferring of men, it can respectfully request the powers that be not to transfer men beyond the necessities of the work. We do a wrong to our old men when we receive men that have spent most of their days in other Con-

ferences, to share the pittance of our old heroes. We want our old men to live, and to live in our Conference as long as they can keep death from being prey, and receive all that can be obtained for their comfort.

If we have succeeded in calling the attention of the Conferences to this subject, our object in this writing is secured.

THE DISCIPLINE.

BY REV. A. D. SARGANT.

MR. EDITOR:—All the members of the Methodist Episcopal Church, and especially every minister administering at her altars, should be familiar (next to the Bible) with the Discipline of the Church with which they are connected; 1st, for their spiritual good; 2d, for their intellectual benefit; 3d, for the good of others that may need advice; 4th, to get a correct view of Church organization.

Mark the first. Members having been baptized and received into the Church, can read the order of services, prayers and addresses made to and for them on these solemn occasions, which they cannot read without spiritual profit; and also the Articles of Religion to which they gave their consent, so far as they understood them. It will be for your spiritual health and progress to mark, learn and inwardly digest these holy doctrines of our holy religion; therefore read the Discipline of the Church. It is especially important that every minister should be conversant with the ordination services, and vows taken when that solemn consecration was made; therefore, read the Discipline for your own spiritual good.

2d. Intellectual benefit will be greatly advanced by a clear knowledge of the Book of Discipline, for an intelligent piety is far in advance of ignorance, both in spiritual power and healthy influence; hence, reading the Discipline will do you good.

3d. The good of others is to be taken into account. To be able to impart information is no mean office to perform in behalf of the seeker of intelligence in things pertaining to our rights, privileges, duties and interests in the Church; hence, read the Book of Discipline.

4th. To get a good and intelligent view of Church organization is no small attainment, no meagre requirement; this you can get by a careful reading of the little, yet comprehensive book we call the Discipline of the Methodist Episcopal Church.

Another point, more important, perhaps, than any one yet presented is, how shall the Discipline be read so as to afford the greatest advantage to the reader? Take the contents and index of the book, and read all on a single topic that may be in different parts of the book, and then you will have all that the Church has ordained on that topic; and so go on until you have gone through the book. The index is not as perfect as it might have been; for instance, in the index, under the head of "Members," the General Rules are not referred to, which should have been, inasmuch as they constitute the conditions of membership in the Methodist Episcopal Church. They are found in another place under the head of "General Rules." A few other instances of the kind may be found; still this is the intelligent way of reading the Discipline, and therefore we recommend it to be followed by all when general information is sought for. Our reasons for this are, first, you will be sure to get what you seek for; second, you will get all you seek for.

If it was in my power, I would do two things. First, I would put this paper, and then the Discipline of the Church into the hand of every member of the Methodist Episcopal Church in this or any other country, and say to them, "read, mark, learn and inwardly digest" all we here recommend.

Our Book Table.

HOURS IN A LIBRARY, by Leslie Stephen, published by Scribner, Armstrong & Co., contains eight elaborate reviews of well-known writers, heretofore supplied by their accomplished writer to three English magazines. They cover a singular variety of subjects, beginning with De Foe's Novels. The volume discusses in succession, critically and appreciatively, Richardson's Novels, Pope as a Moralist, Mr. Elwin's edition of Pope, Sir Walter Scott, Nathaniel Hawthorne, Balzac's Novels, and De Quincey. It is a pleasant volume of fair critical interpretation, with varied and attractive subjects.

Roberts Brothers have issued a small volume of the University sermons of Dr. Andrew P. Peabody. It forms a 16mo of 362 pp., and is sold for \$1.50. It bears the title of CHRISTIAN BELIEF AND LIFE, and contains twenty-five short sermons upon the vital doctrines of revealed religion. They are instructive, some of them charming. Jesus is set forth definitely and tenderly in his various offices; the offices of the Holy Spirit, the power and comfort of prayer, and the divine Providence, are illustrated. Some of the discourses are specially beautiful and apt in illustration, as is the one upon the Hebrew, Greek and Latin. We certainly should hardly dare to cut out a sentence from the discourses. We might give them at times a different interpretation, and we should certainly say more, in some places, if we said as much. But the volume is wholesome and sweet, and cannot be read without profit.

HEALTH FOR HOUSEHOLDS AND SCHOOLS, By Edward Smith, M. D., F. R. S. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 12mo, 198 pp. This is a comprehensive hand-book, prepared by one every way qualified for the task, covering almost all the incidents of home and school, food, poisons, exercise, sleep, cleanliness, ventilation, mental work, the eye, ear and nose, and the sick room. It is fully illustrated, and is both handy and valuable.

Porter & Coates have issued another of their international series of novels, entitled

KATEMBO: A STORY OF EXMOOR, by C. J. White-Melville. 12mo, 338 pp.

Two new Sunday-school and prayer-meeting singing-books are in recognition at our hand. They all look as if they were "con- ins German," but doubtless they have their special graces.

W. W. Whitney, Toledo, O., publishes CROWD OF LATE, by W. A. Ogden. Mr. Ogden bears a good reputation as a teacher.

Lee & Walker, Philadelphia, send out THE GOSPEL SINGER, by Philip Phillips. Much of this is fresh music, with hymns prepared by original writers for the melodies. Philip Phillips and the singers he draws around him put soul in their tunes, and that makes them popular.

Nelson & Phillips have issued a beautiful edition of Dr. John Hall's late lectures, delivered before the Theological Department of Yale College. The Seminary faculty united in the warmest possible testimonial of the course, at its close, and expressed a pleasure to learn of its intended publication. The volume, which is a 12mo. of 274 pp., bears the title of GODS WORD: THE GREAT PREACHING. Through its ten lectures and catechetical appendix it presents, not so much a systematic course of homiletical lectures, as a fine development and illustration of his own modes and rich experience and success as a minister of the Gospel. The volume is specially interesting on this account, and not less valuable.

BINNEY'S COMPEND. Thirty years ago and more, Rev. Amos Binney, of the New England Conference, published a most excellent summary of Christian doctrine, with Scripture proof and illustrations. The book was remarkable for three things: its smallness (it was a very thin book); its clear statement of doctrine; and its sound Methodist theology. It was, in fact, an outline of theology that John Wesley himself might have been satisfied with.

The best evidence of its excellence is that it has every year commended itself to the warm regard of all lovers and defenders of evangelized truth. The book's circulation has been steadily increasing. Besides this, it has been translated into German, Swedish, Arabic, Chinese, and several other languages, and is known and studied by Methodists all over the world.

With such a record as this it was wise in the author to revise and improve, where improvement was possible, this valuable book. This he has done with the assistance of Rev. Daniel Steele, D. D., and the new edition is now out from the press of Nelson & Phillips. It is sufficient to say that it retains all the excellences of the old edition, and in some respects is essentially improved. It is a book every Methodist ought to own, and a book every class-leader and Sunday-school teacher and preacher ought to be thoroughly familiar with. It will teach any one who gives it faithful study how to wield the sword of truth, which is the Word of God. The best antidote for the vagaries of amobition theory, ever striving for some new thing, is this book. The best defence of Christianity against the attacks of error in whatever form, is "Binney's Compend, Improved."

We have received the first number, dated March, 1875, of a new monthly journal, entitled THE NOTE-BOOK, edited and published by Mrs. M. E. Berry, and "devoted to the interests of suffering humanity. The care and treatment of the insane appears to be the principal subject of consideration. The matter is original and selected. A serial story, by Mrs. Eugenia St. John, is begun in the first number. A. Williams & Co. receive subscriptions, and have single numbers for sale.

LITERARY NOTES.

The Congregational Publishing Society will issue shortly, in good style, Prof. Barrett's very able letters on "Eternal Punishment," which recently appeared in THE CONGREGATIONALIST, with revisions and additions; a new work, by Dr. Wm. Barrows, "The Church and Her Children," in which something is said about baptism; "Harvestings; or Reminiscences of a Pastor," by one of the oldest and most esteemed ministers of Massachusetts, by Rev. Eugene St. John, the first of a series of annual history stories, by Miss Chellis; "Bees and Hornets," a stinging volume, and "Twin Heroes," by one of the ministers of Taunton, which is likely to have a great run. "Urban and His Friends," by Mrs. E. Prentiss, is a book which ought to be placed on the shelves of all our Sunday-school libraries. It is not an exciting story, having all the unnatural situations and exaggerated portrayals of character so common in novels of the day, and yet (as is frequent in Sunday-school books) without their literary merit; but, under the guise of a conversation among friends, it presents many phases of Christian life which deserve the attention of every reader. Mrs. Prentiss is well known as the author of "Stepping Heavenward," and her charming style has gained her many friends, who will be glad to secure this last work from her pen.

The compilation of the numerous books on "African Exploration," made by Mr. C. H. Jones, is in many respects more valuable to the general reader than any of the individual books from which it is taken. In the first place, the mass of literature on the subject is so great, and so much of it more or less untrustworthy, in a scientific or geographical point of view, that only those who have abundant leisure, and a strong personal spirit can hope to gather the kernels from the chaff. Another cause of vexation and disappointment to one who would arrive at some definite solution of the difficult problems of geography in Central Africa, is the great variety of names given to the same localities and the same streams by different explorers. It is frequent that the most dissimilar names have been given to the same object by succeeding travelers, and even by the same traveler on a second journey. It is with such obstacles that the reader contends in taking up the volumes of Burckhardt, Clapperton, Barth and Overweg, Du Chaillu, Burton and Speke, Sir Samuel Baker, Schweinfurth and Livingstone. In the present volume, however, Mr. Jones has striven to reconcile the varying accounts, and give some general view of what has been accomplished in African exploration. That he has treated a difficult subject well, and made a very entertaining book, will probably be the verdict of all who examine it.—The American tourist should have one of his handbooks, Mr. Augustus J. C. Hare's "Walks in Rome" and "Days Near Rome." The latter volume, recently published, touches on districts but little known to the ordinary traveler; and he can have the pleasure, with its help, of stepping outside the beaten track, and at the same time seeing a country exceedingly picturesque, and wholly fresh. For the stay-at-home body, a book more entertaining and readable than this work cannot easily be found.—The Last Journals of David Livingstone, was published by the Harpers in this country, as well as by the English publishers, for the benefit of the explorer's children, and it is now announced that the large sum of \$5,000 has been already sent from this country.—The Encyclopedia Britannica is to be republished in this country by J. M. Stoddart & Co. The volumes are to appear at the rate of three a year until the completion of the series.

BISHOPS' ADDRESS.

To the Ministers and Members of the Methodist Episcopal Church.

DEAR BRETHREN:—In their address at the last General Conference, the Bishops used the following language, viz:—

"The fourth day of July, 1876, will be the one hundredth anniversary of the Declaration of Independence; from which event we date our national existence. The dictates of both patriotism and piety render it proper for Christians to celebrate such an occasion, in some way that will appropriately express their gratitude to Almighty God, for the mercy and truth which He hath shown to our nation; for surely He hath not dealt so with any people.

"If we, as a Church, are to celebrate the centennial birthday of our beloved country, it will require some action by the present General Conference, because the next General Conference, which will probably close in June, 1876, comes too late to afford sufficient time to make such arrangements as will be appropriate and necessary to a becoming celebration of so grand an event. We take the liberty, therefore, of inviting your attention to the subject."

The suggestion was favorably received by the General Conference, and was referred to a committee, who, after considering the matter, in due time reported in favor of a proper celebration of the grand event; and, among other things, submitted the following resolution, which was adopted, viz:—

Resolved, "That the Board of Bishops shall devise a programme of religious services for the fitting commemoration of the event, and that each Bishop shall present it to the annual Conference over which he may preside during 1875, and bring this action of the General Conference to the timely notice of the annual Conferences."

We cannot doubt, dear brethren, that as Christians and sincere lovers of our country and its free institutions, you will most heartily approve, and earnestly and unitedly aid in promoting the success of this great Christian and patriotic celebration. It must be a most pleasant duty to Christian ministers to call the attention of their congregations to the historic evidences of God's most gracious dealings with us and with our forefathers, and to impress upon the minds of their hearers the important truth that the Divine blessing metes out to both nations and individuals the prosperity and happiness which is allotted to them. We trust that all our Pastors, Local Preachers, Church members, and friends will engage in the performance of the duties, and in the enjoyment and improvement of the privileges of this great National Festival, with grateful memories and cheerful hopes.

In the performance of the duty assigned them, the Bishops have fixed upon the following programme of services to be observed by our Churches and congregations, at such times and places as may best suit their convenience, between the first Sabbath in June and the fourth day of July, 1876.

PROGRAMME.

I. On the day appointed for the service, let there be from 8.30 A. M. to 10.00 A. M. a social meeting, with the reading of suitable Scripture lessons, selected from the Old and New Testaments; singing and prayer; to be followed by such remarks as any present may feel disposed to make, touching national Providential blessings, or gracious personal benefits.

II. At the usual hour for morning service, let an appropriate sermon be preached.

III. We further recommend that at some hour in the afternoon a children's meeting be held, with services calculated to inspire patriotic and religious sentiments.

Any further services to be at the discretion of each pastor and congregation.

By order of the Board of Bishops.

WILLIAM L. HARRIS, Secretary.

Chicago, Jan. 1, 1875.

LOYD STREET CHURCH, ATLANTA, GA.

A few years ago the Lloyd Street Methodist Episcopal Church, Atlanta, Ga., in erecting their church building, obtained a loan from the Loan Fund of the Board of Church Extension of the Methodist Episcopal Church. This obligation we are now trying to meet, but find ourselves unable to do so without assistance. This Board will aid us liberally, but must preserve its Loan Fund intact. The amount due from us must therefore be paid. We have a good brick building, with an audience room that will accommodate from four to five hundred persons, a basement, class rooms, etc.

The property cost over \$20,000. The debt is \$10,000.

After ourselves pledging all we are able, we have secured subscriptions from friends in the North, which, with assistance promised by the Church Extension Board, is sufficient to provide for \$6,000, leaving \$4,000 yet to be secured. Most of these subscriptions are on condition that the whole amount be obtained.

We have a plan by which we hope to accomplish this result. It is to find a certain number of persons who will, on condition that the \$10,000 be raised, be responsible for specified sums, varying in amount according to the ability of the subscribers. More than twenty persons have subscribed \$100 each, and others smaller sums. Will you be one to help us in this work? If so, will you name a sum which we may expect to receive from you? We shall be grateful for the smallest contribution.

Please send your reply to me at Atlanta, Ga.

W. B. OSBORN, Pastor.

P. S. I have had given me, by publishers and dealers, for the benefit of our Church, quite a large number of good new books, which I will send to any address, post paid, upon the receipt of the retail price. Among them are "Days of Power in the Forest Temple," by Rev. George Hughes. Price \$1.50. "The Earnest Minister," a Memoir of Rev. R. V. Lawrence. Price \$1.50. "Modern Pentecost." Price \$1.00. "Parson of the Islands." Price \$1.50. "Life of Mrs. Van Cott." Price \$1.50. "New Jersey Conference Memorials." Price \$1.75.

Also the following by Rev. J. Caughey: "Arrows from my Quiver." Price \$2.00. "Glimpses of Life in Soul Saving." Price \$2.00. "Showers of Blessing." Price \$1.50. "Earnest Christianity." Price \$1.50. "Light in the Dark." Price \$1.50. "Revival Miscellanies." Price \$1.50.

THAT NEW HYMN-BOOK.

The HERALD of the 11th gives an argument which, if it stood alone, should put a stop to the project of destroying our Hymn-book. To the extent which city pastors little suspect, it is the "metrical Bible," the "system of divinity in verse" of our country members who have few books. They read it and love it, though they may not sing one hymn in a hundred. I recently picked up a well worn Hymn-book in a bereaved family. I found many of its best hymns marked with pencil. On inquiry I learned that these marks had been made by a departed one who strengthened her faith and increased her joys, during a long and painful sickness, by reading this "metrical Bible." They were for the most part hymns that are seldom sung. Publishers, spare that book, touch not a single hymn. Enlarge it if you must, but expurgate it never. T. A. GOODWIN.

Indianapolis, Ind.

WASHINGTON CORRESPONDENCE.

[Concluded.]

Sunday, March 21.—To-day, at half past ten A. M., a large congregation was already seated in the Metropolitan church, and still they are coming. At eleven every seat seems to be occupied. Pres. Grant, Mrs. Sartoris, and Mrs. Fred Grant occupy the President's pew. Dr. Newman enters from the study, door and ascends the pulpit; the soft notes of the organ steal forth on the hushed multitude and still the people enter; quietly they come forward; the first hymn is read and sung, and still the people come; the first lesson is read, and still the crowd are seeking seats. During the prayer all is silent; the prayer over, the Psalm and response are being read, and still the people come; the many chairs are brought into requisition; gentlemen and ladies yield their seats to strangers and seek standing room; and still they come. The services wait a moment, that the multitude still coming may be seated; the organ sends forth a soft, sweet voluntary; every niche is filled with a seat; every possible space is occupied; some must go away; the church is filled to its utmost capacity.

We have lost a dear pastor, but our other beloved pastor, who six years ago organized this Church and congregation, is now before us, after having circumnavigated our world. He looked thinner in flesh than when he left us, but long before he had finished his sermon we felt that he had lost nothing in true spirituality and Christian zeal. His text was, "Gather up the fragments," like the Bishop, he showed, and proved to us, the truth and the beauty of the Christian religion. No matter how much sin may abound; no matter how false religion and deceit there may be in the world, truth still lives, and though crushed to earth will rise again. Let us gather up the fragments of good, and cherish them in our hearts.

Dr. Newman is an eloquent speaker, and carries the hearts of his hearers with him. We see what he sees, and feel what he feels; we are lifted by him and with him above this earth. He never falters; he never is at a loss for words, though he uses no notes. It is a freely flowing stream of Christian eloquence, always reminding one of an ever flowing fountain of pure sparkling water as it ripples in the sun-light. There is a beauty in Dr. Newman's preaching that I have never seen in that of any other minister. He has traveled extensively, and he gives us historical, geographical, literary, and scientific knowledge, so blended with Christianity that they shed a beauty each on the other. Still the burden of his words is Christ and Him crucified, Christ and Christ only. Mrs. Newman has not yet reached us. We are waiting to receive her with open arms and loving greetings. A minister's wife can be fully half the minister. Mrs. N. is all this. Perhaps the Doctor would tell you, "she is more than half in my ministration."

B. W. REESE.

Greenfield, Mass., Mar. 30, 1875.

RELIGIOUS ITEMS.

Dr. Horace Bushnell, of Hartford, whose serious illness has been noticed, is gradually failing, and for more than three weeks has been unable to leave his bed.

The Madison Square Presbyterian Church of New York last week unanimously voted to call as their pastor, Rev. William Jewell Tucker, of Manchester, N. H., with a salary of \$10,000. Centenary M. E. Church, J. O. Peck, pastor, reports another series of meetings, lasting eleven weeks. There were over 400 conversions; 300 probationers.

MENDING WITH PLASTER.—If you have a crack in the wall in the corner of the room, or anywhere else—do not send for the plasterer, but get five or ten cents' worth of dry plaster of Paris; wet with cold-water; then take your finger and rub it into the crevice till it is smooth. Bad nail holes in the wall can be done in the same way. Should the top of your lamp become loose, take it off and wash it with soap; wash the glass also, then put the plaster around the glass; put the brass top on again, let it stand until hardened, and it is ready for use again. A lamp never should be filled quite full, as the kerosene softens the plaster.

Eight Chinese women were baptized at the Mission building on Washington Street, San Francisco, March 23.

Rev. Joseph C. Styles, D. D., an eloquent and distinguished Southern clergyman, died in Savannah, Ga., March 27th, in the eightieth year of his age. He was a graduate of Yale College, and for some years pastor in Newark, N. J., and of the Mercer St. Presbyterian Church in N. Y. city.

Rev. Thomas Guard, of the Baltimore Conference, has been transferred to the California Conference.

Dr. O. H. Tiffany has been transferred to the Rock River from the Baltimore Conference, and Dr. J. O. Peck, of the Rock River, has been transferred to the Baltimore.

How suggestive are the following figures: In Spain, of 15,000,000 less than 3,000,000 can read, and less than 1,250,000 can read and write. On the necks of this ignorant population are fastened nine archbishops, fifty-three bishops, 100,000 ecclesiastics, 14,000 monks, and 19,000 nuns. There are now 600 convents for women in Spain, but before the suppression of the monasteries for men, there were 1,940 monasteries and convents, containing 30,905 monks and 24,000 nuns.

TEMPERANCE.

A STANDARD TEMPERANCE PRIZE ESSAY.

To the Friends of Temperance:

The committee appointed by the National Temperance Convention, held at Saratoga, in 1873, offer two prizes for each of three essays, to be open to all writers in this and other countries: 1, the scientific, embracing the chemical, physiological and medical aspects; 2, the historical, statistical, economical and political; 3, the social, educational and religious. The prizes offered are \$500 and \$300 for accepted manuscripts for No. 1; and for the best essay for each of the others (Nos. 2 and 3), adjudged satisfactory, the sum of \$500 will be paid; for the second best essay, the sum of \$300 will be paid; accepted manuscripts to become the property of the National Temperance Society. The offers for Part II. and Part III. will remain open to all competitors till July 1, 1875. Manuscripts (with the names and addresses of the writers by whom they are forwarded for competition, enclosed in separate sealed envelopes, not to be opened till after the award has been made) should be forwarded to A. M. Powell, 58 Reade Street, New York.

The essays should be of such character that, while adapted in style to interest the general reader, they will also meet the demands of scholarly criticism.

Those who intend to compete for the prizes offered for these essays, and who may desire more information as to the scope of the work, and suggested subdivisions, will be furnished with further particulars by applying to Mr. Powell, as above.

A. M. POWELL, JAMES BLACK, R. C. PITMAN, A. A. MINER, NEAL DOW, Committee.

WISDOM ROAD, NEAR GREENFIELD, MASS.

MR. EDITOR:—I do not set myself up as a public writer, or lecturer; but, as I have lately joined the Methodist Church in Greenfield, and profess to be a follower of the Lord Jesus, it is therefore my desire to do all in my power for the advancement of Christ's kingdom; and I have learned the fact that I cannot be a true Christian, nor a good Methodist, unless I am a total abstainer from all intoxicating drink. Also, I cannot be a good temperance man unless I am an earnest and religious worker, and strive to lift up the fallen, and to fight as a valiant soldier in the impending war against the monstrous tyrant, King Alcohol. Yes, there is an impending war; but not a war with swords, guns and implements for man to murder his fellow-man, but a war in which no offensive weapon is to be used—a war of love, love for all mankind to save them from the monster, intemperance, and its accompanying vices, which is destroying our people, and making the Word of God of none effect.

We have organized a division of the Sons of Temperance here in Greenfield, and most of our members are members of the Methodist Church, including the pastor of said Church. Now, I do not know why it is that so many of the other denominations stand aloof from our affiliation, unless it is pride. Oh God! save us from Phariseism and sectarian prejudice, and hasten on the day when, in the language of the poet,

"Their secretaries may learn Their rivalry to discern; When brother will not war with brother, To worry and devour each other; But sing and shine with sweet consent, Till life's poor transient hour is spent."

B. W. REESE.

Greenfield, Mass., Mar. 30, 1875.

Commercial.

BOSTON MARKET.

Wholesale Prices.

April 12, 1875.

Flour—Superfine, \$4.25 @ 4.30; extra, \$5.25 @ 5.30; Michigan, \$4.75 @ 4.80; St. Louis, \$4.50 @ 4.60; Southern Flour, \$3.25 @ 3.30.

Corn—Mixed and Yellow, 90 @ 92c. bush. Oats—72 @ 75c. bush.

Rye—50c. @ 1.00 per bushel. Shorts—\$2.50 @ 3.00 per ton.

Fine Feed—\$2.00 @ 3.00 per ton.

Seed—Timothy Herd's Grass, \$2.75 @ 3.25 per bush; Red Top, \$4.00 @ 4.25 per sack; R. I. Best, \$2.10 @ 2.30 per sack; Clover, 100 @ 120c. per lb.

Apples—\$1.50 @ 2.00 per bush.

Pork—\$20.00 @ 21.00; Lard, 00 @ 105c.; Hams, 105c. @ 110c.

Butter—20 @ 27c.

Cheese—Factory, 10 @ 17c.

Eggs—00 @ 20c. per doz.

Hay—\$2.00 @ 2.25 per ton, for Eastern Fresh.

Potatoes—\$1.50 @ 1.75 per bush.

Beans—Extra Pea, \$2.25 @ 0.90; medium \$1.50 @ 1.75 per bush.

Poultry—15 @ 25c. per doz.

Turnips—50c. @ 60c. per bush.

Carrots—50c. @ 60c. per bush.

Dried Apples—8 @ 10c. per lb.

Cabbages—\$1.25 @ 1.50 per bush.

Chickens—\$5.00 @ 6.00 per doz.

Onions—\$2.50 @ 2.75 per bush.

Manure Squash—\$3.00 @ 3.50 per bush.

Hard Squash—\$3.00 @ 3.50 per bush.

Sweet Potatoes—\$4.00 @ 4.50 per bush.

Remarks.—A firm feeling in the Flour market, but moderate demand. Upward tendency to Pork, Lard and Hams. Vegetables dull.

SPRING . . . 1875.

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Selected expressly for Spring trade. Having taken advantage of the market, and bought at low prices direct from manufacturers, they are prepared to sell the same at Wholesale or Retail at

PRICES WHICH DEFY COMPETITION!

The Mat Department is stocked with the largest and best assortment of Mats and Rugs ever offered in this market, presenting unusual opportunities to Wholesale as well as Retail buyers.

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Parlor, Chamber,

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At Prices that Defy Competition!

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Summer Arrangement.

The steamer CAMBRIDGE, J. P. Johnson, master, and the steamer KATAHDIN, W. R. Rott, master, will leave Boston for Bangor and the intermediate ports of the Penobscot River alternately every MONDAY, THURSDAY and FRIDAY, at 5 o'clock P. M.

From Boston, in connection with the Knox and Lincoln, Bellows Falls, Thomaston, \$2.15; to Warren, \$2.40; to Waldoboro, \$2.65; to Newcastle and Bangor, \$2.75.

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JOS. E. KING, D. D., Fort Edward, N. Y.

Troy Conference Academy,

POULTNEY, VERMONT.

The Fall Term of 16 weeks will begin Aug. 27. The Winter Term of 16 weeks will begin Jan. 6. The Spring Term of 12 weeks will begin April 7. Five regular courses. Special inducements to young men preparing for the ministry. Thorough preparation for college made a specialty. For circulars or information, address

Rev. MARTIN E. GADY, A. M., Principal.

Boston University School of Medicine.

OPEN TO BOTH SEXES.

The Summer Term commences March 15th, 1875, and continues fifteen weeks.

It is devoted to Reading, Daily Recitations, Practical Anatomy, Chemical Manipulations and Clinics, both medical and surgical. This course presents special advantages to those commencing the study of medicine.

The Winter or Lecture Term commences Oct. 6th, 1874, and continues twenty-one weeks.

For further particulars address L. T. TALBOT, M. D., 31 Mt. Vernon St., or J. H. WOODBURY, M. D., 36 Temple St., Boston.

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Income in 1874,

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Disbursements in 1874,

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Policies in force January 1st, 1875,

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Rates of expenses of management to Receipts in 1874, 9.00 per cent.

This company is believed to have furnished insurance at a lower cost than has been done by any other similar institution in this country.

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PUBLISHER'S NOTICE.
The name of each subscriber is printed on the paper sent every week, and the date following the name indicates the year, month, and day to which it is paid. If this date does not correspond with the date of the issue, the subscriber should notify the Publisher immediately.

Postmasters and subscribers wishing to stop a paper, or change its direction, should give the name of the post-office to which it has been sent, as well as the name of the person to whom it should be sent.

Persons desiring to stop the paper should write to the office of publication, and be careful to forward the amount due; for a subscriber is legally bound as long as the paper may be sent, if the arrears remain unpaid.

For Communications which we are unable to publish will be returned to the writer, if the request to do so is made at the time they are sent, and the requisite stamps are enclosed. It is generally useless to make this request at any subsequent time. Articles are frequently rejected which, if condensed into half the space, we might be glad to use. Anonymous communications go into the waste-basket.

Articles are paid for only when this is expressly stipulated.

ZION'S HERALD.

THURSDAY, APRIL 15, 1875.

The rare gem of the late session of the New England Conference, was the discourse upon the construction, production and delivery of a sermon, by Rev. F. G. Morris. It was replete with the keenest wit, and the clearest common sense, and with the most practical and valuable suggestions. It will appear in the HERALD, and while it will lack the ringing voice and magnetic manner of the speaker, its clear logic, its sterling sense and its sharp hits will be generally enjoyed, and will be read by ministers, young and old, with profit.

An afflicted Christian minister, not unknown to many of our readers, away from his home, under the care of the skilled physicians of a hospital, found it impossible during the night to compose his mind and drop asleep. After trying several expedients, he rose upon his bed and wrote with his pencil upon the wall, in distinct letters, the name of "Jesus." He then lay back upon his pillow, fixed his eye upon the precious title, and filled his mind with all the blessed associations connected with it. The idea was a happy one. The name had a divine charm in it. The troubled and throbbing mind was sweetened and calmed, and he fell into a soothing slumber, with his eye lingering in its last gaze, upon the name of Him who has promised rest to the weary.

Chaplain McCabe had a new story in one of his Conference speeches at Springfield. He was illustrating the lack of practical, as well as theoretical education among the colored people. A gentleman, he said, noticed several black men "toting" bricks upon their heads from a pile to a cart. Two or three bricks were first piled up upon the head of the ebony laborer, and he would then march off and tip them over into the cart. The observer suggested that it would be better to get a board, and carry a larger number every time; this could be done easier and quicker. The colored worker stopped a moment, rubbed his soft pate, and sagely remarked, "But, Massa James, den what would be de use of de head?" The eloquent speaker thought there was sad need of education when the owner could find no use for his head but "toting" bricks.

NEW ENGLAND CONFERENCE.

This mother of Conferences opened its seventy-sixth session in the beautiful city of Springfield (the seventh held in this place), Wednesday morning, April 7. Interesting social religious services were held the previous evening, and continued every morning before the Conference hour. These were remarkably well attended, and were occasions of great spiritual interest. The religious tone of the members never seemed higher, or to give more significant evidence of promise of a revived condition among the Churches. Beautiful weather, a fine country city with its elegant churches and residences, its imposing public edifices, the hum everywhere of active business and the general appearance of thrift and prosperity, the immense and expensive government armories—the glory and the folly of all Christian countries—with its wide circle of educated people and the general prevalence of an atmosphere of culture, having in the distant horizon a range of mountains skirting the landscape, that only need to be translated to Europe to be visited by crowds of tourists—altogether form a combination of attractions making the opening of this session, in this handsome city, one of the bright days in many ministerial memories.

Two hundred and sixty-five names of members and visitors are on the roll. Provision for many more than this number, probably for three hundred at least, will have to be made. This burden has been right royally borne by the generous people, Methodists and others, of this liberal city. The members of Conference were all well and centrally accommodated. But the time is close at hand when it will be too severe an exaction upon the ability and courtesy of the people to ask for the care of a much larger body than this, for a week at a time. If the Conference is not divided, and many will be reluctant to have another bisection, it will become necessary to have its sessions in large central places, and hire board at public hotels. The Churches, most of them, would cheerfully raise, annually, enough to meet this expense. It would be much more economical as to labor and money to arrange such a plan as this.

The present editor's life just about measures the history of organized Methodism in Springfield. In 1819 a Church was established, and in 1820 the Asbury chapel was opened at what was called the "Water Shops." In 1822, the editor's father, Rev. Thomas C. Peirce, was first stationed there. About the earliest distinct recollections of the writer are associated with this period, and they were profoundly impressed upon his mind by the special character of them. His first conceptions of death and the grave were received at this

time when a mother, after a lingering consumption, in wonderful Christian triumph, entered into heaven. In the public cemetery, near where the old Union church stood, among the graves of the wives of Methodist ministers, kept in beautiful order by the Church, we read, with indescribable emotions, "Sarah K., wife of Rev. Thomas C. Peirce, aged 27."

Methodism has grown with the city. Springfield has enjoyed the labors of almost all our best men, and of none of their appointments do they preserve more grateful remembrances. Three large brick churches, each capable of holding a thousand persons, or more, and a fine commodious wooden edifice, which has succeeded Asbury chapel, have been constructed. State Street church, in which the Conference is held, is the successor of the well-known "Union Church," whose four stubbed spires, springing from its small square tower, brother Blake used to say were built "to hang backsliders on." It is an admirable structure of good proportions, thoroughly finished with every possible church appointment among its numerous rooms. Our eloquent brother, R. R. Meredith, has not only drawn within its wall, since its dedication, large congregations, but he has brought the burden of its heavy expense within manageable limits. It has cost about \$70,000. The New Grace church, dedicated a short time since by Bishop Bowman, vies with its latest predecessor in beauty and convenience. It has reached about the same limit of expense. On Friday morning during Conference, Mr. David Smith, to whom, as much as to any man, Methodism in Springfield owes its present material progress, and whose special monument will be this elegant church edifice, appropriately bearing the title of Grace, for he has been by far the largest contributor to its construction, passed peacefully away in the blessed hope of the Gospel at the ripe age of 72. He was a good man, a resolute friend of the anti-slavery cause in its early days, a pronounced temperance man, an active and successful manufacturer, a man of decided opinions, generous in the distribution of his means while he lived, and remembering the great lines of Christian charity in his will. The Church will miss his open hand and his ready judgment.

The third, noble, brick edifice, Trinity, in which the previous New England Conference was held in Springfield in 1870, is one of the largest and finest churches in the Conference. Springfield is thus amply provided with modern and well-situated houses of worship. Her pulpits would suffer in comparison with no city in the Conference. Nothing but a tide of the old revival grace is needed to make all these instrumentalities powerful to save the still unthawed people of the city.

Our New England-born Bishop presides for the first time in his own Conference, enjoying, by his side, the presence of the New England Bishop by the allotment of the late General Conference. Bishop Haven orders the large body of ministers with an easy dignity and great propriety. There is an indefinable something that hedges around this high Church officer, to which all the peers of every new occupant cheerfully yield their deference. If the fervent head of our respected chief were as white as the riven snow, he could not receive more respect from his brethren, or preside with more propriety or grace. His addresses have been fresh, practical and pungent, and he has won for his office an additional regard to that he had already gained in his previous relations to his brethren.

Bishop Wiley shows an encouraging degree of physical vigor. His address at the Freedman's anniversary was vigorous, interesting, and often eloquent. Bishop Wiley emphasizes with all his power the claims of this important Church interest.

The fathers, where are they? One only reports himself still in his sweet songs, his venerable flowing white hair, his hearty amens and his evangelical prayers. What a loss it would be to miss Abraham D. Merrill out of the list. Our eyes grow moist as we look down the lines of earnest men, in a Conference session, and recollect who formerly occupied their places, and recall their venerable and well-remembered forms.

The details of business and reports of anniversaries will be given in another column. While readers are perusing these lines, two hundred and fifty men have returned from their week of refreshment to their fields of labor. Great interests have been at stake, strong personal feelings have been awakened, but after prayerful Christian consideration, the work has been adjusted, and, in a week or two, the whole ecclesiastical machinery throughout the State will be moving as quietly and regularly as if there had been no interruption for years.

CHURCH SOCIALS.

The social life of the Church is of much greater importance than is sometimes supposed. It really ranks next to the personal religious life, and may be a powerful auxiliary to the collective spiritual life of the whole body. The best religious growth and spiritual development are not to be sought in the hermit's cell, although they are greatly promoted by occasional seasons of retirement and solitude, where in self-inspection and prayer the soul shall commune with itself and its Maker. From the closet we come forth into contact with the family, and find its associations and duties helpful to what we have gained in solitude. We go into a larger companionship in the classroom, the love-feast and the prayer-

meeting, all of which make their impressions upon our spiritual characters. Especially do they tend to draw us out of ourselves, and by the communion of saints into which they introduce us, make us realize the blessedness of Christian brotherhood. The solitary Christian is quite likely to be one-sided or dwarfed, if not selfish; while at the same time he loses all chances of helping struggling souls, and so falls in an important branch of religious duty.

Now, the membership of a Church have a social as well as a religious life, and need some other association than what is afforded in meetings of a purely religious character. Left to itself, it will take its form from circumstances, but it will be also for that very reason greatly restricted. There will be the intimacy of two or three persons of a like spirit or taste, or the free intercourse of the few from contiguity of church pews, or the interchange of visits among families. A Church may thus come to embrace a number of small social bodies, the persons of each of which are drawn together in more or less close association. They become friends. They rejoice in one another's prosperity; they sorrow in one another's adversity. The attachments thus formed are often very lasting and very precious. The children of the families thus united are brought into their circle, and they grow up together, and often come together into the Church.

Death and distance may break their numbers, but the memory and joy of them linger in old age. All this is right; but it is not enough. What is done for the small circle, is needed for the whole Church, that its members may have that acquaintance and sympathy with one another which should characterize those of the same household. This is the theory of one of the statements made by our pastors in receiving candidates, when, speaking of "the fellowship of the Church," he says, that one of "its more particular duties" is to seek the intimacy of friendly society among themselves. Not that other friendships are to be excluded, but this is to be especially cultivated, and for the sake of Christ.

An unsocial Church is a cold place. It is a moral ice-house. A stranger seeks it only from necessity, and when he finds it he soon becomes chilled by its atmosphere, and retires within himself in isolation. He may come to know a few persons, but the home feeling he never gains, and the wealth of love and co-operation with which he might bless the brotherhood is never known.

Various expedients are adopted to meet the need of which we are speaking. The old Sewing Society, combining labor for some definite object with social intercourse, was one. Mite Societies are in these days quite common. Fairs and festivals have found one of their strongest arguments in the desire to bring the people of a congregation into some acquaintance and activity together. Many church edifices are now planned with some reference to gatherings for social purposes, with parlors, kitchen, and other appurtenances of home life. This is all well within certain limitations to which we shall presently refer, provided such continuous efforts are put forth to gather in all the members of the congregation as will prevent its becoming practically a meeting of a select few. In such a case it fails to do what is wanted, and stands in the way of something better. Only by such efforts can many be kept from isolating themselves in their home life, to whom especially the sympathy of brethren would be a blessing, but who, from mental depression or some other cause, shrink from putting themselves in its way. Let these gatherings be made occasions of fostering and promoting brotherly love, and they can contribute greatly to the strength of a congregation.

That there are some perils connected with these socials is evident enough from the nature of the case as well as from experience. But so are there perils in business life, in the family and everywhere. There is peril in all things which are not brought under the control of Christian principle. And these gatherings, managed as the entire life of Christians ought to be, will be safe in all perils. Anything inconsistent with religion has no business in them, and everything that tends hard on the border line between God and the world ought most rigidly to be excluded.

The tendency of recent years to laxity in the matter of amusements and recreation, very likely exhibits itself to some extent in these gatherings; particularly where they are largely composed of young people, so much so that the latter sometimes desire to set up a social by themselves, where there may be a greater latitude in the occupations of the hour. The experiment is never a safe one. Let our young blood push forward and make the most possible of itself for the Church, but always in conjunction with their older and more experienced brethren. Yet experience has sufficiently shown observant persons that the moral tone of a Church lowers and deteriorates as it provides in its socials for recreations on the score of necessity and harmlessness. Methodists must remember that rule which forbids "the taking such diversions as cannot be used in the name of the Lord Jesus." Many things which cannot be proved wrong in themselves do seriously damage spiritual life. When these gatherings stand on the higher level where we would place them, the question of the latitude allowable is entirely avoided. Religion controls them. Songs "of Jesus and His love" sung out those of negro minstrelsy. Long follow, Bryant and Whitier leave no place for Bret Harte and Josh Billings. Charades and tableaux, fascinating oc-

cupations for the idle, and possibly harmless once in a dozen years, are too trivial for an earnest life. A Church social with Jesus in it, is a blessing; with Him out of it, it had better die. In the one case, it helps the work of salvation; in the other, it kills it.

FOREIGN CORRESPONDENCE.

MUSEUM AT NAPLES.

In the Pompeian Museum at Naples many of the household utensils, the weights and measures, and the articles of the toilet might as easily be supposed to have come from a modern as an ancient house. On a loaf of bread found in a bakery, where it was left by the frightened baker, so many hundred years ago, one can still read the name and mark of the maker as easily as upon one of those celebrated crackers which are "supplied weekly to 'her majesty,' the Queen, and most of the nobility." I hope that the baker's patrons had as good taste as "her majesty."

Another curious thing in the old city is the fountain which stands at the intersection of the principal streets, and on which the spot worn by hands which supported their owners as they leaned to drink of the cool water, bears witness to the length of time through which they were used.

The Pompeian streets are paved with the same large, smooth blocks which prove so dangerous to horses in Naples now. The houses and shops, with few exceptions, are small, as was suited to a people whose time was mostly spent in the open air. The larger mansions almost universally contained the orthoedon rooms; the vestibulum (or hall), the atrium (or reception room), the tablinum, etc.; but scarcely two are arranged in precisely the same manner, the tablinum in some occupying what is considered to be its normal position, directly back of the atrium, and in others being upon one side. Such differences as these would certainly be expected from differences in taste, if not from the limitations imposed by the extent and shape of the building lot, save by those antiquaries who imagine that the mind of the ancients had no idea of variety.

Among many curious restorations in the Museum at Naples, is one of an ancient dining-room, with its three couches. The frescoes were painted by a German artist, and are certainly wonderfully correct imitations of the Pompeian style; the colors are exceedingly bright, and yet harmonious, and represent the appearance of the old frescoes when they were first discovered, for new exposure to the air has faded them greatly.

The same Museum contains part of a model, in cork, of the whole city, as it now exists. The buildings, streets, and even the paintings upon the walls are accurately copied. The part already complete has taken, I believe, three years' labor, and still represents only a very small part of the city. When completed, it will be almost invaluable as affording an opportunity to study, at leisure, and with means for comparison, the different arrangements of rooms, etc.

The Museum is chiefly interesting on account of its Pompeian and Herculaneum collections. It contains, also, a large collection of pictures, and a very valuable one of Etruscan vases, as well as many statues which have world-wide fame—among them the Farnese Bull and the well-known figure of Hercules.

DONKEYS.

To leave antiquity, and come back to modern times, a picture of Naples would be far from complete without two or three donkeys in the foreground, and several more in the background. I have seen more donkeys here than I ever did in my whole life before, or ever expect to see again. And the loads they carry! Great panniers hanging on each side, almost to the ground, and piled up, way above the poor beast's back, with cabbages, cauliflowers, turnips, carrots, and all sorts of vegetables; and, as likely as not, the owner of this peripatetic garden plot is perched on top of his property, encouraging the donkey, if he can reach down far enough to hit him, with blows from a stout cudgel, and incessant cries of "oh! 'ee!" I never could find out what these sounds meant, but the pronunciation is just as I have written them.

The donkeys are the most patient, long-suffering animals. In spite of their reputation, I have not seen an obstinate one. I am inclined to think they have been fully slandered.

A NEAPOLITAN FUNERAL.

Among the most curious sights in Naples are the funerals. First comes a priest, bearing the crucifix, and behind him a long train of white-robed nuns, completely covered except their eyes and their feet, marching two by two, and each bearing a lighted candle behind him; and borne on the shoulders of men, hired for the purpose, is the coffin, upon an immense bier, covered with black velvet drapery, embroidered with gold, and reaching almost to the feet of the men upon whose shoulders the bier rests, the men being within the drapery, almost completely concealed by it; then come the servants, both male and female, of the house; after them a long file of priests and monks, chanting the *misereere*. The procession is closed by the carriage (generally empty) of the friends. As the cortege proceeds, those who meet it reverently remove their hats, and sometimes drop on their knees to repeat a prayer for the soul of the deceased. The priests and monks are all paid for their services, according to a fixed tariff; and it is by no means uncommon to see them stop in their

solemn (!) hymn to take a pinch of snuff, to the use of which the monks are very generally addicted. But I confess to a feeling of surprise when I saw one of the servants drop out of the procession and go into a lottery office, to consult the notice of the result of the last drawing. He returned to his place, behind the bier, with a countenance the sad expression of which was, I fear, caused more by his ill luck than the death of his master.

EUROPEAN RAILWAY CARS.

The seclusion which is gained by the European style of railway traveling is decidedly pleasant in the heat of summer, but its advantages are more than canceled by its discomfort in winter. The compartments are only heated by a species of long, flat can containing hot water. Two of these cans are placed in each coupe, but, although they are changed from time to time, are totally inadequate to the task of heating the car. Consequently, all winter travelers provide themselves with outfits which suggest the idea of an arctic expedition—first, a fur cap; then an overcoat reaching to the feet, lined and trimmed with fur; under this a plaid, which resembles the "Ulsters" that were so fashionable last winter in America; and under that an overcoat; for the feet a pair of enormous fur-lined boots to pull over the ordinary boots or shoes, and a (fur again) foot-muff. This is an exact description of the paraphernalia of an Austrian gentleman who was my fellow traveler from Leipzig to Prague, and gives by no means an exaggerated idea of the preparations which most German travelers, at least, make. Some even add a traveling blanket, wool or silk, such as are used in America as carriage or sleigh robes.

As may be imagined the cost of such an outfit is considerable, though far less than the cost of the same articles would be with us. I have seen a gentleman (who was traveling alone too) come into a waiting-room, followed by a porter, who, with the exception of his feet and head, was completely hidden by the wraps which he carried.

The American cars have been introduced on some of the lines but it will be some time, I think, before their use becomes general. They are too cheap for rich people, and too dear for poor ones. Now they have four classes of cars, in the lowest of which there are no seats and, of course, in these the fares are very low indeed—sometimes less than one-third of the first-class fares. The sleeping cars have been very successfully introduced, and now run regularly between Berlin and St. Petersburg, and on some others of the great through routes. Our palace and drawing-room cars are far superior to anything I have seen in Europe, and a fortune is waiting for some enterprising individual who is willing and able to lose money on them at first.

One may be warm enough in these narrow little compartments, where half of the passengers have to ride backwards, and where the windows are sometimes so coated with ice that it forms faster than it can be scraped off with a penknife, if he makes a sort of polar bear of himself; but certainly, a sensible man would prefer to take off his overcoat, and sit down in a velvet arm-chair in his newspaper, as comfortably as if he were in his own parlor. Yes, Europe rather bends us on rules, pictures, and that sort of thing, but for real comfort we can challenge the world.

Most Europeans, I think, have a great respect for what they call the "practical" sense of Americans, and well they may; for, in many common little, labor-saving arrangements they are years and years behind us. In Norway they cut ice just as they did fifty years ago, and as a result it is almost as scarce and dear as it was then. In Germany I have seen them hoisting up mortar with a man on the return rope for balance, and instead of carrying up bricks (and miserable bricks they are too), they throw them from man to man, from story to story. Very few of the hotels have elevators, and if one sees a comfort-providing labor-saving machine of any kind it is almost always an American patent.

PRAGUE—THE JEWS' QUARTER.

What I started to write about was the old Bohemian city of Prague. It is by no means a lovely place; it is only old—old houses, old bridges, old churches—There is almost nothing really new in the city. The chief attraction is the bridge, which was built in 1357, and is ornamented with thirty groups of saints, some of them very elaborate, the most curious being a representation of the torments of purgatory. The Jews' quarter is as dirty as one could expect, and in the midst of it is situated the old synagogue, founded, according to tradition, by the first fugitives from Jerusalem, after the destruction of that city. The interior is begrimed with the smoke and dust of ages, and presents a curious appearance since the smoke, which blackened the upper part, was washed from the lower by an inundation. It is called the old-new synagogue from the fact that it was commenced in the Byzantine and completed in the Gothic style. Near by is situated the Jewish court-house, with a clock which marks time in the same way as Hebrew books read, namely, from right to left.

The burying-ground is filled with old moss-covered stones, some of them dating back to the seventh century. The inscriptions are still perfectly legible, and one sees the distinctive marks

of the tribes—a pitcher for the tribe of Levi, two hands for that of Aaron, etc. According to the Jewish custom many of the monuments have little piles of stones upon them, testifying the respect of visitors for the man whose bones were so long ago laid under this now neglected ground. DE.

Editorial Paragraphs.

Something like four hundred ministers met at Hartford last Saturday P. M., for what a member of the New England Conference (who "didn't want to go down there") said could not be a re-union, as they had not yet been together. But when there, Bishop Haven said that just about 77 years since they were together, in the old New York Conference, which met at Beach Hill in 1798. As the children of the same mother it was eminently fitting that they should have just such a family greeting as this. Bishop James presided, and after prayer by Dr. Curry, briefly referred to the unifying features of clerical Methodism, such as the double fellowship of love and labor for one Saviour, one object inspired by one Book, seeking for the same reward, etc. He then introduced Bishop Haven, who dwelt briefly on the remarkable unity in doctrinal characteristics of Methodism from the first, and among other matters, to the good work accomplished by Methodism, in opposing the whisky traffic. He closed by alluding to the prospective increase to near 100,000,000 in our members 77 years hence, if the future should equal the past. Bishop Andrews said he believed in such a "Hartford Convention" as this! and playfully alluded to the fact that a relation of his (Sir Edmund Andrews) had some active part in the troublous times of "charter oak" notoriety, though he didn't care to trace a very close relationship! Dr. Cummings made a pleasant allusion to the fact that while Bishop Haven was now presiding over his old Conference, Bishop Andrews was, also, over his old associates. The symbol of an army, used by Bishop James, expressed to him the true Methodist idea—that of concentrated effort under one bond of union and direction—a fact of vast importance in any campaign—as well as the inestimable unity in doctrine also. The territory of the old New England Conference was always a bulky one; such was the spirit of disputation so prevalent. So marked was this that Asbury records his misgivings about success attending Methodism here. Indeed not for thirty years did a society of Methodists start here.

Rev. Dr. Fletcher, Presiding Elder in the N. Y. East Conference, made an amusing speech of welcome, interspersed with many keen hits at the inquisitiveness of the Yankee character. He thought they must be spies. Dr. Sherman thought that the New Englanders should look separate them one from another, as a shepherd, etc.; but the goats, said he, are on the left hand (Dr. Sherman and the New England brethren were at his left) (loud and long continued laughter).

The president, amid calls for "Traffon," "Harris," etc., suggested that as they wanted something for sociability, they would sing, "All hail the power," etc., and with the benediction from Bishop Harris, the meeting broke up, and shortly the cars returned. Bishops James and Harris came on to Springfield.

J. M. Buckley charged New England with being responsible for his existence, though he couldn't stay in New England for the mighty east wind which prevailed there, and quoted a series of Scriptures derogatory to the character of the atmosphere, keeping the audience in a roar of laughter till he sat down. Dr. Curry followed, and said he had been thinking of several Scripture passages (though he might not be as "windy" as his brother who had just sat down), and one of them referred to Jacob's two bands (the two Conferences were grouped on opposite sides of the broad aisle), and here they are, said he, and very pleasant to look upon. I have thought of another passage, he added, which is this: "and he shall separate them one from another, as a shepherd, etc." but the goats, said he, are on the left hand (Dr. Sherman and the New England brethren were at his left) (loud and long continued laughter).

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The *Scientific American*, of March 20, has a flippant article on "Crossing the Boundary of the Experimental Evidence." Take the first sentence: "It is amazing to see how zealously the non-scientific world insists on the restriction of science to verified fact, especially when we remember that the sole basis on which its opposition to science rests is a stupendous hypothesis, not only unverified, but confessedly beyond the reach of human verification, the hypothesis of divine revelation—something supernatural, superhuman, miraculous." Note worthy here is the cool assumption that Christians form the non-scientific class; a little further on, the writer, speaking of the "anti-scientific," adds, "it is only when his religious prejudices are involved that he kicks at the scientific method." There are two classes then—scientists and believers in revelation! In other words, there are no friends of science who are at the same time friends of Christianity. Such a statement is ridiculously untrue, and needs no reply.

But the main fallacy of the sentence we quoted is more fundamental. It is a true statement, but it is a false statement, in that "the hypothesis of divine revelation is the sole basis" on which Christian men rest the claims of religion. The ultimate basis is human consciousness, the very same on which science also rests. The latter, at the last analysis, is founded on self-evident intuitions, axioms, which cannot be proved, which must be taken for granted. So Christianity, traced back to its ultimate principles, is based on self-evident intuitions, axioms, which cannot be proved, which must be taken for granted. This is the real basis—the religious element in human nature, which is as clear and as authoritative, as is the intellectual intuition. Upon this is based the belief in a supernatural revelation. Christianity, harmonizing with our moral instincts, and confirmed by our moral intuitions, which are unaccountable on any other hypothesis than the truth, is therefore a monstrous assumption, a baseless and visionary. It is not non-scientific, there is no necessary antagonism between science and religion. They ought to be good friends, for they spring from the same root, and lead the mind up to the great Author of human consciousness.

The great revival in England does not seem to be on the wane. In London, besides daily preaching by Mr. Moody and others, there are 21 daily prayer meetings. At the one held in Exeter Hall, Messrs. Moody and Sankey are present every day but one. More than 23 special services, besides Mr. Moody's, are held every Sunday in different parts of the city, and other special meetings during the week. The churches are occupied on Sunday. Midnight meetings are held for the benefit of fallen women, at which Mr. Sankey's hymns are sung. The religious interest in London and other parts of England is so extraordinary,

that all the leading journals comment upon it, generally in a favorable way. The *Times* says that the majority of the audiences are conscious "that they are being told some very home truths" by a very simple and earnest man; and that he is perfectly confident he is showing them the means of becoming better men and women, and of having a better hope in this world and the next. The *Spectator* speaks of the "American evangelists as 'business-like, amiable, at heart modest, and thoroughly sincere men.' The *Saturday Review*, however, treats the whole affair with contempt. But whether men praise or despise, the work of God goes on. Great revivals are spoken of in many towns and cities.

Dr. Brownson, in Music Hall, on Sunday evening, 4th inst., undertook to prove that the supremacy of the Pope does not conflict with civil allegiance. His argument amounts to this: God is supreme in all things, and ought to be obeyed; the divine sovereignty in human affairs is represented by the Pope; therefore the Pope ought to be obeyed. As obeying God is consistent with the proper civil allegiance, so in the other case. Take our public schools. If they are not approved by the Pope, as being "godless," as teaching "no religion or a false religion," they cannot be approved by Catholics. In other words an Italian, calling himself God's vicegerent, ought to be obeyed by all American Catholics. In his crusade against our public school system. Now we grant that if any Catholic, Protestant, or Jew, has conscientious scruples against sending his children to a public school, no one can reasonably object to his keeping them at home, or sending them to a private school. But when a man, much more a foreigner, under a pretence of being an agent of the Court of Heaven, states to American citizens that this matter, we say to him, You are an impertinent intermeddler.

A STRANGE FRIEND.—Catholic journals are constantly telling us how very friendly the Pope is to the United States. This country is overwhelmingly Protestant; it is full of Protestant Churches and schools; it is mainly what Protestantism has made it. Now what does "his infallibility" say about just such Churches and schools in Rome? After denouncing, as he should, places of prostitution, he adds:—

"But this is not all. There are Protestant Churches, and they are nevertheless a motive for much affliction. At Rome, chosen by God to be the capital of the great Catholic family, ennobled by the blood of the martyrs—at Rome, justly adorned with the title of mistress of the truth—within the walls of that Rome where the majestic temple of the Christian religion rises, one cannot see without grief the establishment, by the side of these temples, of houses and meeting places for the prostitution of the body to God the worship rendered to Him by heresy, which is a revolt against God himself. But what about all this? The Pope's zeal as pastor of souls, is the opening of certain schools where, generally speaking, impure rules as mistress, and seeks by all means to corrupt childhood and youth. To prevent the consequences of so great an evil you must employ all the means of which you can dispose, to prevent this corruption might by degrees insinuate itself into families, and propagate the pest of unbelief."

Here we have the real opinion which the Pope entertains of the United States, the Catholic portion excepted, and the moving cause of our opposition to our American system of public education.

A NEW WONDER.—The Catholics of Belgium have got up a famous "miracle," which is endorsed by a distinguished professor of theology in Europe, and which the *Catholic Review*, of New York, introduces to the American public with a great flourish of trumpets. It seems there is, no doubt about it—it is a genuine miracle—we are bound to believe. Reader, do not smile. Louise Lateau, a Belgian girl, of a "singularly holy life, bears on the palms of her hands, on her feet, on her head, and on her side, the marks of the passion of Christ; and bleeds every Friday from the wounds miraculously impressed on her body, so as to represent the wounds of the crown of thorns, of the spear, and the nails." During all this she is in an "ecstasy," which, with the miraculous bleeding, stops at the command of the priest, and the priests once control of the education of our Catholic children, and such stuff as this would form part of the instruction which they would impart.

ENGLISH GIPSIES.—Gipsies have generally been deemed incorrigible heathen, and but little effort has been put forth for their evangelization. Occasionally one, here and there, has been converted, but there is not wanting proof that faithful effort for their salvation is successful. The twentieth anniversary of one of our converts, situated in the suburbs of London by some pious ladies and afterwards carried forward by a city missionary, has recently been held in that vicinity, and most encouraging results were exhibited. Many gipsies in the course of years have become true Christians. In a Church in Boston, we know of two or three converted gipsies. Cannot something be done for the spiritual good of those of this singular class who have, for two or three years, lived near our city in Somerville?

In Brazil the Roman Catholic Church is said to be in a very dilapidated condition, an object of contempt among the people. After popery, what? At Buenos Ayres, a reformed movement has been begun by a late Catholic priest. His party, including a number of other ecclesiastics, have opened a correspondence with the "old Catholics" of Europe, with whom they seem to be in full agreement.

In Spain, during the brief period of the Republic, a number of Roman Catholic priests became Protestants and married. Since the monarchy has come in, these marriages have been declared invalid, and now a petition for the relief of these persons has been sent by several Protestant ministers in Spain to the official representatives of America. Five European nations, resident at the capital. Certainly the world is having an opportunity to find out that Romanism is, and what is to be expected wherever it gains the ascendancy. Every possible influence against toleration is brought to bear, by Romish ecclesiastics, upon King Alfonso. A bishop has written to him that religious toleration is working inconceivable mischief. Even "heretics and dissenters" are buried in Catholic cemeteries; and "a child has been baptized in the name of Satan!"

THE LEGISLATURE.—The House has passed the License Bill with the Senate amendments, and it has been signed by the governor. The *Advertiser* thinks it a very good bill; the *Herald* calls it a patched-up affair; the *Post* says it is neither one thing nor another, and the *Journal* thinks that the prohibitionists ought to give it a fair trial, and thus at least show their regard for the laws. For ourselves, we are free to say it does not satisfy us; but after all, the success of the temperance cause depends more upon moral influence than legal enactments, and perhaps to enforce this truth may be the one great benefit of the new law.

112 NEAR BEDFORD

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

Second Quarter.

Sunday, April 25.

Lesson IV. Judges vii. 1-9.

BY REV. D. C. KNOWLES,
GIDEON'S ARMY.

Leader. 1 Then Jerubbah, who is Gideon, and all the people that were with him, rose up early, and pitched beside the well of Harod; so that the host of the Midianites were on the north side of them, by the hill of Moreh, in the valley.

School. 2 And the Lord said unto Gideon, The people that are with thee are too many for thee; I will bring thee down, and thou shalt be with me, and I will try thee there; and it shall be, that of whom I say unto thee, This shall go with thee, the same shall go with thee; and of whomsoever I say unto thee, This shall not go with thee, the same shall not go.

L. Now therefore go to, proclaim in the ears of the people, saying, Whosoever is fearful and afraid, let him return and depart early from Mount Gilead. And there returned of the people twenty and two thousand; and there remained ten thousand.

S. 4 And the Lord said unto Gideon, The people are yet too many; bring them down unto the water, and I will try them for thee there; and it shall be, that of whom I say unto thee, This shall go with thee, the same shall go with thee; and of whomsoever I say unto thee, This shall not go with thee, the same shall not go.

L. 5 So he brought down the people unto the water; and the Lord said unto Gideon, Every one that lappeth of the water with his tongue, as a dog lappeth, him shalt thou set by himself; likewise every one that boweth down upon his knees to drink.

S. 6 And the number of them that lapped, putting their hand to their mouth, were three hundred men; but all the rest of the people bowed down upon their knees to drink water.

L. 7 And the Lord said unto Gideon, By the three hundred men that lapped will I save you, and deliver the Midianites into thine hand; and let all the other people go every man unto his place.

S. 8 So the people took victuals in their hand, and their trumpets; and he sent all the rest of Israel every man unto his tent, and retained those three hundred men; and the host of Midian was beneath him in the valley.

Soon after his call to his life mission, Gideon manifested his obedience by attacking Baal, the real cause of Israel's conquest. He cleansed his own household of idolatrous usages, and thus threw down a challenge to the Midianites. This act provoked war. The enemies of Israel advanced toward his home in battle array. Gideon blew his trumpet, the signal of revolt, and called the tribes to the north of Manasseh to come to his aid. Thus far he had gone, having staked all on the simple word of God, when, feeling weak and helpless, he sought courage and strength in new prodigies from Heaven. Two miracles were added to the former one to increase his faith. Satisfied now that God was with him, he went forth to the conflict in the power of a conviction that enabled him to obey the strangest commands that mortal ever received from Jehovah.

Jerubbah—literally, "contender with Baal," referring to his having thrown down Baal's altar. Judges vi, 32.

And all the people—the soldiers that had assembled in answer to his call. These numbered thirty-two thousand.

The well of Harod—literally "fountain of trembling." It is identified under the name Ain Jalud. A valley, three miles in width, separates Mount Gilboa from the hill Moreh on the north. This fountain gushes out of the base of Gilboa, which rises above it steep and rugged, and runs off eastward to the Jordan through this valley. It first forms a large shallow pond, and then flows away in a vigorous stream. Its name may have been given it from the trembling that seized the host of Midian, as places were often designated by the notable events that occurred in their neighborhood.

By the hill Moreh. On the northern side of the valley, opposite to the fountain, lay the hill Moreh. It is a range parallel with Gilboa, and three miles or more distant. At the foot of this hill lay the camp of the Midianites, covering the plain with an innumerable multitude of men and beasts. The situation of the two armies is easily shown. Gideon and his men lay on the first slope of the hill around the fountain, Gilboa rising above and behind them, while the Midianites were encamped on the north side of the plain, with Moreh in their rear. It is a remarkable fact that the troops of Saul and his enemies, in his last battle with the Philistines, were encamped in the same places, and in the same relative positions, as the men of Gideon and the Midianites. Both Gideon and Saul had the disadvantage of facing a plain that descended with a gentle slope toward them, while their retreat was cut off by the steep sides of Gilboa.

The people that are with thee are too many. The men of Gideon numbered thirty-two thousand, and were opposed by an innumerable host flushed with victory and the pride of conquest. But even this small body was too many for God's purposes. He desired human instrumentality, but not too much of it, lest men should say to themselves, We did it. Man's highest good required that the victory should be ascribed wholly to God. We should never forget that communities are shaken, not by the size of a church, nor the numbers of worshippers, but by God's Spirit. The largest Churches are sometimes the weakest in moral power. The very numbers may be a source of weakness, because there is so much to lean upon.

Not by might, nor by power, but by My Spirit, saith the Lord of Hosts. God can do little with cowards, and He commanded them to get out of the way. It is a fact worthy of notice that two thirds of all these men publicly confessed their timidity. What a comment on the cruel and oppressive rule of the Midianites! Men trampled upon and outraged

are always broken spirited and fearful. Slaves cannot stand unawed in the presence of their masters. The iron heel had crushed the spirit of Israel. Twenty-two thousand sheathed their swords before the Midian array and started homeward. What would the members of our Churches do if subjected to the same practical test before the world? We fear the traditional million and a half of Methodists would dwindle away like Gideon's army, if all who tremble before Satan's hosts were eliminated. But enough would remain to take the world for Jesus.

Mount Gilead. No satisfactory explanation of this passage has been given. Mount Gilead proper is east of the Jordan. Various explanations have been attempted, but the most probable solution of the difficulty, that we have seen, is that a spur of Gilboa bore the name of Gilead, and near this minor ledge lay the army of Gideon.

The people are yet too many. Only ten thousand remained, yet Gideon's faith was still further tested by another reduction. There were too many brave men in his army to show to the best advantage the mighty power of God. Resort was therefore had to another method of selection to reduce the number.

Down unto the water—to the fountain of Harod and its flowing stream. On the margin of the crystal pool and the running brook God made His own choice of confederates. A curious standard was set up by which to choose His allies, but not without a reason. God's wisdom is seen even here.

Every one that lappeth of the water with his tongue. The original word "lappeth" sounds like the noise of a dog in drinking. This animal takes up water with his tongue fashioned in the shape of a spoon. These men took it up in their hands, shaped in the same manner, and threw it into the mouth.

This practice is quite common in the East to-day, and travelers are struck with the facility with which the people drink, who practice this method. Long habit gives the hand a quickness and certainty of movement, that rivals the activity of a dog's tongue. All who drank in this fashion were selected to remain with Gideon. The reason is very evident. Men who drank in this way were always ready for action; they stood almost upright, face to the foe. More than this. Such a habit was an index of character. It was born of caution, watchfulness. It indicated forethought, prudence. He who threw himself prostrate on the ground to drink, or bended down to the water on his knees, must have first lost sight of possible peril from an unseen foe. He voluntarily put himself in an attitude of helplessness. Such thoughtless men God rejected lest in the heat of the battle they might forget their calling, and think more of water than of victory.

But those who drank erect, or partly bent, showed a soldierly care and prudence that made them always ready to parry a thrust, or give a blow. The difference in the habit in this particular, indicated the difference in the men. Habit is a great tell-tale. It exposes the soul more than the soul thinks. A keen observer of men judges them most accurately by the most trivial mannerisms. A boy picked up a pin; a sagacious merchant saw it, judged him by it, employed him, opened the way to fortune, and he founded the house of Rothschilds. All the subtle qualities of the heart have their legitimate expression in sign language, in one form or another, and he who reads the language can read the heart. Now this second sifting was made on the principle of readiness and caution, as the first was on the principle of courage. From this we learn that caution and courage are the two essentials of victory. A man may be brave but reckless; rash, and fail through want of watchfulness. Another may be cautious to excess, and fly from the field for want of courage. Bravery must always be supplemented by caution or we have a poor soldier; just as faith must always be allied to works, prayer to watchfulness, or we have a poor Christian.

Three hundred men. The three hundred Spartans in the pass were less heroic than the three hundred of Gideon. Little did they think, as they lapped the crystal drops into their mouths, that they were deciding by that act the choice of God. Our destiny often hangs upon acts as trivial. It ennobles every passing event, and makes each day a perilous point of time, to think that some such little deed may shape our future, and settle our earthly if not our heavenly history. How necessary that the inner life be right, that the outer acts may win the better part.

But all the rest. How innocently they bowed to the earth to slake their thirst. Such had been their habit from feelings of indolence or ease, and now it reminds them home, away from the glory of battle and the shouts of victory. God accepts those who get on their knees before Him, but not those who bow before their enemies. All such He commands to go to the rear. With the three hundred who were always ready for action He proposed to take Midian.

So the people took victuals. The three hundred took the supplies on hand for their own immediate wants, and also each man his trumpet. The rest were sent away. The phrase, *Every man to his tent*, is a common expression used to denote the disbanding of an army. Some of these may have lingered in the vicinity to see the issue of the strife, and lend a helping hand in case of need, for we must not forget that nine thousand and seven hundred of these men had remained of their own accord to fight the Midianites. It is hardly possible that all such

heroes would have gone home on the eve of a battle involving the destinies of their nation. Though forbidden to fight, they would not have felt forbidden to look on from the heights of Gilboa. That night the most famous battle in history took place. Gideon and his servant first crossed the valley, and drawing near to the lines of the Midianites under cover of the darkness, overheard a conversation that showed him the hour of triumph had arrived. He divided his little army into three bands of one hundred each, armed with trumpets, empty pitchers, and blazing firebrands concealed in the vessels. Thus in the middle of the night they advanced on the slumbering host. At the appointed signal the pitchers were broken, the torches held aloft, the trumpets sounded, and the cry went up to heaven—

The sword of the Lord and of Gideon! That was all man did, God did the rest. He filled the host with terror. He unseated reason and enthroned a panic. He caused the instinct of fear to make insane the multitude, and in their insanity to slay each other. It was the obedient faith of Gideon that gained the victory. Had he faltered, all would have failed. With God all things are possible, but all things will not be done without human agency. God takes inadequate means and uses them for His own glory. Three hundred men, armed as they were, with God as an ally, were more successful than all the soldiers of Israel could have been without His help. Let us obey God, and we can take the world for Jesus, no matter how poorly equipped we are, in the eye of worldly wisdom, for such an enterprise.

ZION'S HERALD QUESTIONS.

From the Notes.

Bible Lesson Series, April 25.

- 1 How did Gideon bring on his conflict with the Midianites?
- 2 What miracles in addition were given him?
- 3 For what purpose were they given?
- 4 What new name was given him, and why?
- 5 Describe the well of Harod.
- 6 Describe the battle field.
- 7 Who fought there at a later date?
- 8 Why were the people too many?
- 9 Do numbers always bring victory?
- 10 What test was first applied, and why?
- 11 What is Mount Gilead supposed to mean?
- 12 What second test was resorted to?
- 13 Describe the different styles of drinking.
- 14 Why were those who lapped the water selected?
- 15 What do our mannerisms indicate?
- 16 What two qualities did God retain in Gideon's army?
- 17 How many were finally selected?
- 18 What was done with the rest?
- 19 How were the three hundred armed?
- 20 How were they located on the field?
- 21 What did they do?
- 22 What followed?
- 23 Who did it?
- 24 What is the one thing we need, to succeed?

The Family.

A PRAYER.

BY MRS. W. H. A. SIMMONS.

Jesus, lead my straying footsteps
Upward, toward the better land;
Keep me, while on earth I tarry,
"In the hollow of Thy hand."

Let me feel Thee ever near me,
In temptation's darkest hour;
When the darts of sin are falling
On me, with their mighty power.

Cleanse my heart from all that's evil,
All my doubts and fears remove;
Let me feel I'm safe abiding
"Neath the banner of Thy love."

And though earthly friends forsake me,
And I find on earth no rest,
Let me lean my head when weary
On Thy tender, loving breast.

Teach my proud heart to be humble;
Like Thyself O help me be;
That beside the "peaceful waters"
I may walk, dear Lord, with Thee.

When the dark and silent river,
With its swelling waves I see,
Then be with me, Oh my Saviour;
Guide me safely home to Thee.

"THAT MAKES ME THINK."

BY MARY MORRISON.

"Now tell us all about the war,
And what they killed each other for."
—Battle of Blenheim.

"That makes me think," said grandpapa, taking off his spectacles, and laying down his book.

We always knew, when he said that, that something good was coming to us in the shape of a story: so we gathered about the dear, silver-crowned old man, Neddy on the cricket, and Bessie on his knee, and waited.

"That 'Battle of Blenheim' that I was reading makes me think of my father's story of the battle of Lexington, and the beginning of the American Revolution."

"What does 'Revolution,' that big word, mean?" questioned Bessie.

"Why," said Ned grandly, "don't you know? Webster says it means a going back to the place before occupied. That's what the English did, you know. But, grandpapa, tell us your story now, won't you?" and he began.

"When I was a little boy I lived down at the North end in Boston—"

"Dear me, grandpapa, did you really live in that forlorn place where the Mission is?"

"It was not forlorn at all," said he; "we lived near the burying ground by the North church, and the sweetest music I ever heard was from those chimes. My father had always lived there, and his father before him, and we all loved in turn the dear old church. I wonder why the Boston people don't do more for it now! I told me the other day when I went there that, unless help came, it would soon have to be sold—ah, that cut my old heart fifty years deep! But I am wandering from the story, children; it is a way we old people have. Almost every night after tea, my father would tell us the story of his childhood. The one that suited my boyish fancy best, was of the battle of Lexington. I will try and tell it in his own words."

It was on the eve of the 18th of April, 1775. My mother and father, with us boys and girls, were sitting by the fire. She was knitting, and he was telling the doings of the British soldiers in the town, when suddenly a man, one of our friends, rushed in breathlessly. "Business for life or death!" he said; "send out the children and I will tell you."

"They sent them all out but me (I was too young to notice what was said), and then he said in a hoarse whisper to mother, 'a cup of that precious tea, please; I have work to do that demands it.' Mother did not say a word, but turned the crane, and put on the tea-kettle; but father drew nearer to him, and said tremblingly, 'is it Gage and Concord?'"

"Yes, it is," he said; "and Paul Revere has ridden over to Charlestown to be ready to give an alarm. I am to watch in the church tower and, when I see danger strike a light if by land, and two lights if by sea. Gage means to get those stores at Concord, Dr. Warren thinks."

"Mother had turned from the tea kettle and stood as if stunned, the red firelight only relieving the pallor of her face. She suddenly came forward and laid her hand on his arm. 'You watch in the tower, and we will watch and pray here. Gage shall never go on without resistance. Wherever he goes, there shall be a drawn sword—the sword of the Lord and of Gideon.'"

"My father turned rather harshly towards her, in a way unusual to him. 'Patience,' he said, 'are you attending to that tea? Women's voices are not for such times as this. How do you suppose with our handful of scattered men that we can resist such a great force?'"

"Hosea," said my mother, coming nearer to him and laying her hand on his arm, "do you not need a woman's voice now to remind you of Gideon and his three hundred men who, by the power of the Lord, overcame the enemy, although they were as grasshoppers for multitude?" Then she added, turning round, "friend, your tea is ready."

"Father said no more, but turned to the window and stood looking at the church tower. He did not even heed when mother and his friend left the room. She came in afterward and wanted me to go up to bed with the other children. Then I told her how I had understood what was said, and begged leave to sit up and watch too."

"I cannot sleep mother, if I go," I pleaded; but her attention was turned by father tarrying suddenly, "good bye, Patience, I'm going to get the other side of those red coats! Take care of the house. Watch the tower and pray. If you are in the closet, I believe."

"I remember the good bye by the firelight, and how he stooped and kissed her so gently saying, 'forgive my hard words, Patience; I was overcome and nervous.' And then he turned back as he was going out of the door, and said cheerfully, 'good-bye, little woman, the sword of the Lord, and of Gideon.'"

"Ah, how we watched the tower, mother and I, both on our knees. The fire had cooled down on the hearth, and there was no light outside, except the pale glimmer of the moonlight on the gravestones, and the church tower loomed up dark among the trees."

"I felt mother's hand. She looked so still and cold, that she frightened me. 'Don't look at the tower so,' I begged; 'you make me shiver. I don't believe there will be any lantern there.' But she did not move. Her eyes were fixed and her lips seemed moving in prayer. I stood up and put my arm about her neck. 'There won't be any, I am sure, mother,' I said—when suddenly, out gleamed a bright light from the tower! My mother hid her face. 'It is on land, my child—he way your father has gone.' But in an instant more, a second gleam.

"It is by sea. Benjamin, let us pray."

"We heard nothing more that night, but the next morning early the neighbors came in, and mother had a prayer-meeting. All day we heard distant thunder of cannon, and varied rumors of battles. (One man said a British soldier had cut off the hand of a man who was ringing the bell of a meeting house; another that Paul Revere's horse had been shot from under him; and another that Lexington and Concord were turned to the ground, and Boston was to be destroyed next. But on the morning of the 20th, news came that the British were returning. Every window was filled with faces, everywhere the greatest excitement prevailed; but of the eight hundred who had gone out, only about five hundred re-

turned. These came in disorder, with soiled uniforms and haggard faces, swearing and cursing.

"But we heard nothing of father until night, when mother was putting Ruthie to bed. She had just folded her little hands and was praying, 'Dear God, please do take care of my dear father'—when suddenly the door opened, and in he came and caught them both in his arms. 'Bless the Lord and of Gideon.' You ought to have heard how grandly Major Pitcairn cried, 'Disperse,' and the way he was answered; but Jack will tell you all about that."

"But, Hosea, why do you hold your hand behind you? Are you wounded?"

"Yes, but that's nothing, Patience. One of the British soldiers pursued me on horseback. I stumbled and fell against a sharp rock, and thought I was just to feel the cut of his sabre when suddenly I heard a shot from behind the fence, and heard the whiz of a bullet in the air. Looking up, what should I see but the Red coat falling to the ground, and over the fence, the good humored face of Freeman Deane. He smiled and said, 'the Lord has sent you a horse, Hosea. I know where you are bound. Mount him, and make the best of him.'"

"So I did, and came to Concord in time to join the fight. I was not early enough for Lexington, but brother Jack says it was grand there. So glorious to see those red coats fall!"

"Mother shuddered. 'I don't quite like the sound of that, Hosea.'"

"Father smiled. 'The sword of the Lord, and of Gideon, Patience. But Ruthie must go to sleep now, and then when you can come down stairs we'll have some supper. After that we will read about your hero, and thank the Lord; for, if ever we had reason to thank Him, we have to-night.'"

"That makes me think," said our grandpapa. "The battles after that, the final victory, the free country make me think! Then the civil war, and the triumph of the government, all the work of the Lord, and whenever He chose as His instruments—the same Lord, who gave His people the victory over the Midianites, has given us peace in our United States. That makes me think! Ah, Bessie, pet, are you asleep?"

HYMN FOR A VERY LITTLE CHILD.
God made us all,
He loves us too,
He hears us speak,
Knows all we do.

If we are sick,
God comfort sends;
He makes us well,
And gives us friends.

My little child
Must then be good,
And learn to do
All that you should.

And when you die
You'll go to heaven,
To be with God,
Your sins forgiven.

MARY ABBEY.

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FOR THE YOUNGEST READERS.
LITTLE JACK FEE.
BY MRS. SARAH A. MATHER.
CHAPTER XVIII.

"Aunt Cassie, we are ready for winter now. The barns, and the cellar, and the woodhouse are all full. Before long Roland will kill the pigs and the fat ox, and then he says we shall have a store laid up that will last us until next harvest, and some to spare," said Jack, on a frosty night in early winter, as he sat watching the sparks that were thrown out of the crackling wood in the open fire-place, and saw the flames leap up.

"Do you know what a treasure laid up in heaven means?" asked aunt Cassie, with a happy smile upon her lips.

"No, I do not, aunt Cassie," said Jack.

"A treasure in heaven is something that will be ours when we leave this world, and go to dwell there," said aunt Cassie.

"How can we lay up treasures in heaven, aunt Cassie?" asked Jack.

"Every good deed done here, will be a treasure there," replied aunt Cassie.

Jack sat quietly thinking. At last he spoke: "Now there is poor Benny Manton, I wish I could help him. He is so poor, and feels very bad about it. He wants to go to school, but has no clothes. His father makes him work all of the time, and then takes Benny's money for rum. Oh, it is too mean to think of, and doubles my heart all up hard, just like my fist, and I have to begin to sing with all my might."

"Let love through all your actions run,
And all your words be mild;
Live like the blessed virgin's Son,
That meek and holy Child,
before I can feel any better."

Aunt Cassie made no reply. "I told Benny I was going to have a sleigh-ride my birthday, and

he said he had never had a sleigh-ride in his life," said Jack, in a tone of pity.

"You might ask him to go with you on your birthday," said aunt Cassie.

"But he has no clothes fit to be seen, and so he would not go if I should ask him," said Jack.

"Will you give him a suit of yours?" asked aunt Cassie.

"Indeed I will, if you are willing, and then he can have a good ride for once. I know he will be glad," said Jack.

"No doubt he will," said aunt Cassie.

Jack sat thinking for some time. "I am no nearer what I want to do for Benny than I was before," said Jack. "It is just nothing to let him ride with me, and to give him a suit of my clothes, when I know I shall have new ones, as soon as I need them, which will look so much better."

"I know," said aunt Cassie, with a happy look in her eyes, "that such acts are often called acts of charity, when indeed they are not. But the clothes and the ride will do Benny good, even if there is no self-denial on your part. You must plan how to help him further."

Tinkle, tinkle, tinkle went the merry sleigh-bells down the road, on Jack's birthday. Roland held the reins firmly, and Jack Fee, Josie May and Benny Manton were almost hidden, cuddled down as they were amid robes and wraps. You could only see their bright eyes and laughing faces, and hear their merry voices.

They were on their way to Lee, which was full twelve miles from aunt Cassie's. The sun shone brightly, the sky looked rosy, and the snow glittered like pearls and diamonds. Benny, who had never had a sleigh-ride before, could think of nothing but the way they seemed to be flying over the ground, and he was almost beside himself with delight.

Josie and Jack seemed to see everything that was to be seen. Sometimes Josie thought he could almost see his little sister Katy's face smiling on them through the parting clouds, and everything was so sunshiny and happy, he thought the earth must be pretty near heaven.

How they flew on, over frozen streams, through valleys, and up and down the hills.

At last Roland reined up to a schoolhouse in the village of Lee.

Mr. Thomas, the master, came out, and met Roland with a hearty—"how do you do, Roland; come in, bring the boys right in here; school is out, so come in to a good warm fire, boys. Where, now, my old friend, did you find these three boys? Which will you give me?"

Roland brought in a basket, which was stored away in the bottom of the sleigh; from this basket he took a can of milk, which he placed on the big box stove, to warm. Then he fumbled for cups, and gingerbread and apples. The boys drank the milk, and ate all they wanted, while Mr. Thomas and Roland talked about old times.

Then Josie and Benny ran out into the village to see what was to be seen, but Jack remained in the room.

"Why do you not go with the boys, Jack?" asked Roland.

"Because I want to speak with Mr. Thomas," said Jack.

"Well, my boy, what can I do for you," asked Mr. Thomas.

"Nothing for myself, sir," said Jack, "only if you want one of us boys, Benny would be glad to come, and then perhaps he could go to school."

"Well said!" replied Mr. Thomas. "And why should Benny want to come and live with me?"

"Because he has such a hard time at home, and he cannot go to school at all. It is rum that does it, sir," said Jack.

"It is too true," said Roland, wiping his eyes.

"The boy's mother is your sister, Roland," said Mr. Thomas, meditatively. "Now let me see! My wife has wanted to take a boy as our own ever since our little Jamie died. If it can be planned at the boy's home,"

"Oh you will take him then!" said Jack.

And it came about that Jack sold his nuts, that he had intended to eat that winter, and went without a new sled, painted green and yellow which he was to have, and with the money he bought school-books for Benny. Roland made a box for Benny's things, and aunt Cassie helped Roland and his wife to get Benny ready.

And so in time Benny was at Mr. Thomas' house as his own boy, and went to school, "as happy, as honest, and as bright a scholar as was to be found in the town," so Mr. Thomas thought.

TESTIMONIES AT DR. PALMER'S MEETING, NEW YORK.

"The glory which thou gavest me, I have given them." It was the "glory" of Jesus to bring a lost world to God. We have the honor of being co-workers with God in the salvation of the world. The working day is short, and we have but little time to reap. O that we may be empowered from on high!

We need not try to search our hearts, for the candle of the Lord, only, is a searching candle.

If a man had a thousand trials to trouble him, and believed "all things work together for good," how could he do otherwise than rest in his trial.

The devil clothes himself as an angel of light, but we must believe only what is in God's word—if it is there, believe it.

We must not wait for internal evidence, but believe what God says and rest on it, and light will come streaming into the soul.

The fettered man says, "The law of the Spirit of life makes us free from the law of sin and death." Anything in us which might work to bring up sorrow and darkness, is abolished by the "Spirit of life in Christ Jesus." This Spirit moves the soul in sorrow to look up and see Christ, and we may drink of this Spirit of life which flows from the Rock, and be free.

Grace controls nerves, and though the body may be racked with pain, this Spirit of life will work so deep down that we shall be kept peaceful if not ecstatic.

If we have not perfect liberty, our bondage is voluntary; for Christ has opened the prison doors, and we must not seek for a sign, but, satisfied with the evidence of God's Word, must walk out into the open day.

It is possible for one whose temperament is not buoyant, and knows little of hope or joy, when made free by simple faith in Christ, to know more joy in a few minutes than in sixteen years of a life in a prison, while the door was open.

It would be very foolish for one to start into a cellar, and say the sun didn't shine for him. "All things are yours, and ye are Christ's." Let us walk in the light of the Sun of Righteousness, and claim it as ours.

No person can keep that soul in bondage which asserts its freedom. He gives grace more abundantly, and quickens body as well as spirit.

Obituaries.

Rev. JOHN TAGGART, son of John and Hannah Taggart, was born in Temple, Me., Jan. 18, 1819, and died in Phillips, Me., March 27, 1875, aged 56 years.

Brother T. was converted in 1839; received on trial and baptized in the same year, by Rev. Henry True; received into full connection in '39 by Rev. C. W. Morse, and the same year was licensed to exhort; licensed as a local preacher in '42 under the administration of Rev. A. Sanderson; and spent the two following years at Kent's Hill, seeking the literary qualifications for his work.

He joined the Maine Conference in '45, and was ordained deacon at Saco, July 4, '47, by Bishop Hedding. In '46 he was stationed at Penobscot; in '46 and '47 at Bangor; and in '48 at Hampden. In '49, on account of ill health, he located, and preached only occasionally until '53, when he was "re-admitted" into the N. H. Conference, ordained elder at Newport, N. H., by Bishop Jones, and stationed at Canaan (Street). In '54 ill health compelled another location, in which he has since remained. In '45 he married a most estimable lady, by the name of Sarah B. Stowers. This marriage was blessed by a daughter and a son. The latter, Charles W. Taggart, M. D., is a very popular young physician in Phillips, Me.

Brother T.'s sermons were characterized by originality and most excellent thought. His general style was doctrinal and argumentative. Ordinarily he was not as fluent in speech as many are; but there were occasions when his tongue was loosed by an unctious from the holy One, and he spoke with remarkable freedom, beauty, and pathos.

Brother T. was highly esteemed by the people he served, and was favored with more or less of success in each appointment. For several of the best years of his life he was crippled by an accident, entailing a most painful lameness. For the past ten years he has been a terrible sufferer from phthisis. There have been many times when death would have been a welcome release. A fortnight before his death he was able to be about; but, suddenly and somewhat unexpectedly, after that he failed with unusual rapidity. The tidings of his eldest brother's death, which occurred recently, may have contributed to his fatal prostration; but death seldom comes so sudden to those who are "made perfect through suffering."

The morning of his death he sat in his chair until within five hours of the final summons. Of the last scene Dr. Taggart writes as follows: "His last hours were peaceful, and free from pain. I think he had his senses almost to the last moment, and was able to talk with us all he wished. Then he seemed to go to sleep. I think my father was a Christian. He was patient in his last sickness, and died in great peace."

There is so much in his life, in his death, and in his future to be thankful for, that we trust the bereaved ones will say, "it is the Lord; let Him do what seemeth Him good." Thus God buries His workmen, but carries on His work. Many who have known of this life, and have now read of this death, will not less say, "let me die the death of the righteous, and let my last end be like his." For "it shall come to pass that at evening time it shall be light;" and let all those who linger yet to toil and suffer for Jesus be comforted by the happy issue of this Christian's final conflict, "for so He giveth his beloved sleep."

J. W. ADAMS.
Great Falls, N. H., April 1.

JEFFERSON RAITT, of Elliot, Me., was, on the 31st day of January, 1875, suddenly and unexpectedly summoned into the spirit world, in the 52d year of his age. He died of neuralgia of the heart.

Brother R. was soundly converted to God, and received into the Methodist Episcopal Church in this place in the year 1840, under the labors of Rev. John Rice, of the Maine Conference. He was naturally timid and distrustful of his own ability for usefulness in the cause of Christ, and hence he did not take so prominent a position, and assume that responsibility in the church, as his natural endowments and opportunities entitled him to, and perhaps made his duty; but he was not indifferent to the interests of the Church, nor without responsibility and efforts for its welfare. For several years he held the office of a steward in the Church. He was constant attendant at the house of God on the Sabbath, and was an attentive and appreciative listener to the preached Word. In the social meetings his voice was heard in prayer and exhortation.

Brother R. was a kind and faithful husband and father, a good neighbor, and worthy citizen. He had passed his life in a most peaceful and happy manner, and was sustained by a great love for the Church and community also; but the bereaved are comforted by the faith that their loss is his eternal gain. His sudden death overwhelmed the family in grief. May God sustain and comfort them in their sorrow!

The following tribute to his memory was voted by the members of the Quarterly Conference, of which he was a member, at a meeting held at Elliot, March 9, 1876:—

Whereas it has pleased our heavenly Father to remove by death, suddenly, our esteemed brother, JEFFERSON RAITT, who was a member of the Quarterly Conference, therefore,

Resolved, 1. That by this sudden removal of our brother, we are admonished of the uncertainty of life and the importance of a daily preparation for death and eternity.

2. That we do most heartily sympathize with the bereaved widow and her family in their deep sorrow; that their affliction be their trial, and we do most earnestly pray that God will sustain and comfort them in their grief.

3. That a copy of these resolutions be sent to the family of the deceased, and to Zion's Herald.

Per order, H. CHASE.

Died, in Lebanon, N. H., Feb. 23, 1875, MILAND O. JOHNSON, aged 23 years.

Three years ago he embraced the Saviour, and was faithful unto death. He was beloved, and is now mourned by a very large circle of friends. His end was peace. Through a long, distressing sickness he exhibited great patience. Death found him ready. With exultation—a "praise the Lord" upon his lips—he crossed the river. His parents, brothers and sisters will not forget the tender, pious utterances in which he addressed them each in his last moments. May all meet on the other shore!

EDWIN E. wife of Wm. A. Willis, died 48 years.

Sister W. was born in Newry, Me., and was converted at the age of 18.

under the labors of Rev. Marcus Wight. She moved to Dummer with her husband twenty-four years ago—the place being then almost a wilderness. She united by letter with the Methodist Episcopal Church at Milan when that Society was in its infancy, with which she has labored in the Master's vineyard. She was loved by all who knew her. To the poor she was a friend indeed, and to the sick a nurse. During her long sickness of two years and a half, wearing out under the hand of consumption, she was greatly patient and resigned to the will of God, always having words of exhortation and encouragement to her visitors. "Though dead, she yet speaketh." In her last hours she often exclaimed, "praise the Lord! Jesus is precious—how precious!" "How good religion is!" etc. "May the God of all comfort be especially near to the afflicted husband in his loneliness!"

L. E. GORDON.

Mrs. POLLY HILL died in Union, Me., Feb. 25, 1875, aged 87 years, 7 months, and 17 days.

Sister H. gave her heart to God in early life, and at once united with the Methodist Episcopal Church, of which she ever continued an honored and faithful member, and died trusting in the "Mighty to save," who did not forsake her in the trying hour, and she sweetly fell asleep in Jesus. Her nine children live to mourn the loss of a kind and devoted Christian mother, all but two being present at her funeral. Her children were grandchildren, and great-grandchildren now alive, number one hundred and nine. It can be truly said of her that she lived to see her "children's children, and peace upon Israel," and came down to death like a shock of corn fully ripe for the harvest. "Say ye to the righteous, it shall be well with them," M. G. PRESCOTT.

Union, March 22, 1875.

Died, in Gorham, Me., Dec. 4, of consumption, JOHN H. C. SANFORD, aged 46 years.

Brother S. had for years been a worthy member of the Methodist Episcopal Church, and deeply interested in its temporal and spiritual interests. He was confined to the house nearly two years, gradually yet surely wasting away, but calmly resting in Jesus. A few weeks before his death he said to the writer, "I have a ticket through my baggage is checked, and I'm only waiting for the train." And when the summons came, he bade loved ones adieu, and with a heavenly smile upon his countenance, passed up the shining way.

E. W. HUTCHINSON.

Departed this career for the heavenly Jan. 6, after much suffering, THANKFUL WARREN, aged 50 years.

She was long one of the most consistent, amiable, and useful of the members of the Methodist Episcopal Church in South Deerfield. She will be greatly missed, but how great her gain! Her deeply bereaved husband is the subject of the prayers of many most hearty sympathizers; and we know that God hears them.

G.

In Deerfield, Mass., Feb. 20, fell asleep in Jesus MORTIMER POTTER, aged 54 years.

Brother P. has been an attached reader of the HERALD many years, in his long connection with the Methodist Episcopal Church, which he greatly honored. Trinity Church, Springfield, and the South Deerfield Church unite in ascribing to him unusual abilities, well employed, in his Christian career. He repeatedly held responsible positions in the Church. He early felt a strong call to the ministry, and his after life was shaded because he refused that call. The large numbers at his funeral, and the not often paralleled sorrow there shown, bespeak his worth. The children and the quiet widow weep at the loss of a most devoted father to the God of all comfort. After an extended usefulness of those who remain, may we meet the reunited family on the shores of ineffable felicity!

G.

So. Deerfield, Mass., March, 1875.

Died, in Conway, N. H., Feb. 20, 1875, of consumption, LAURA A. BURBANK, aged 29 years.

Sister B. had been a member of the Methodist Episcopal Church nine years. While residing at Lewiston, Me., she was converted under the labors of Rev. A. B. Johnson, pastor of Park Street Methodist Episcopal Church, and was baptized and received into Church by him. Returning to her old home at Conway some four years ago, she transferred her Church relationship to this place. During her brief, though painful illness, she manifested the sweetest patience and most perfect resignation to her Master's will. A few days before she died she had a dream that made a strong impression upon her mind. She thought a hand drew aside the curtain of the chamber window, and looking out she beheld her dear friends, who had passed triumphantly over the river a year previous, with a sweet smile upon his face, beckoning her to come to him. With peace upon her countenance, and a farewell charge to the weeping loved ones, "meet me in heaven," she fell asleep on earth to wake in glory's courts.

C. W. BRADLEE.

Died, in North Fayette, Me., Feb. 23, 1875, NATHANIEL F. TRUE, aged 79 years and 11 months.

Brother T. gave his heart to God in 1839, under the labors of Rev. Henry True. For forty-five years he was an acceptable member of the Methodist Episcopal Church in F. I am told he never lost the confidence of the Church as to his religious integrity. He was ready to help bear the burdens of the Church. His house was a good home for preachers. His sickness was short, but severe, which he bore with remarkable patience. I never heard a murmur. The writer saw him the day he died. It was a time of sorrow to the family, but he said, "it is all well and bright beyond the river of death." He leaves a wife and two daughters, and other dear friends to mourn their loss; but it is his eternal gain. We bespeak the prayers of the Church in behalf of the afflicted family.

J. P. COLE.

North Fayette, March 14, 1875.

Died, in South Auburn, Me., Feb. 24, 1875, REUBEN WARREN, aged 80 years—one of the oldest members of the Methodist Episcopal Church in Durham, Me.

His last sickness was long and distressing, being confined to his bed for many months. All this time not a murmur was heard to fall from his lips. His end was peace.

T. J. TRUE.

Durham, Me., March 25, 1875.

Wm. MOSES died in Meredith Village, N. H., Feb. 14, 1875, aged 67 years.

Brother M. had been a good man. He died in peace, and was buried in hope.

DIED SUDDENLY OF HEART DISEASE.

How common is the announcement. Thousands die suddenly swept into eternity by this fatal malady. This disease generally has its origin in impure blood filled with irritating, poisonous materials, which, circulating through the heart, irritate its delicate tissues. Though the irritation may at first be only slight, producing a little palpitation or irregular action, or dull, heavy, or sharp distressing pains, yet by and by the disease becomes firmly seated, and inflammation, or hypertrophy, or thickening of the lining membrane of the valves, is produced. How wise to give early attention to a case of this kind. Unnatural inrobbing or pain in the region of the heart should admonish one that all is not right, and if you would preserve it from further disease, you must help it to beat rightly by the use of such a remedy as will remove the cause of the trouble. Use Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery before the disease has become too seated, and it will, by its great blood purifying and wonderful regulating properties, effect a perfect cure. It contains medicinal properties which act specifically upon the tissues of the heart, bringing about a healthy action. Sold by all first-class Druggists.

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